

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,090



OCTOBER 18, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 18, 1890



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

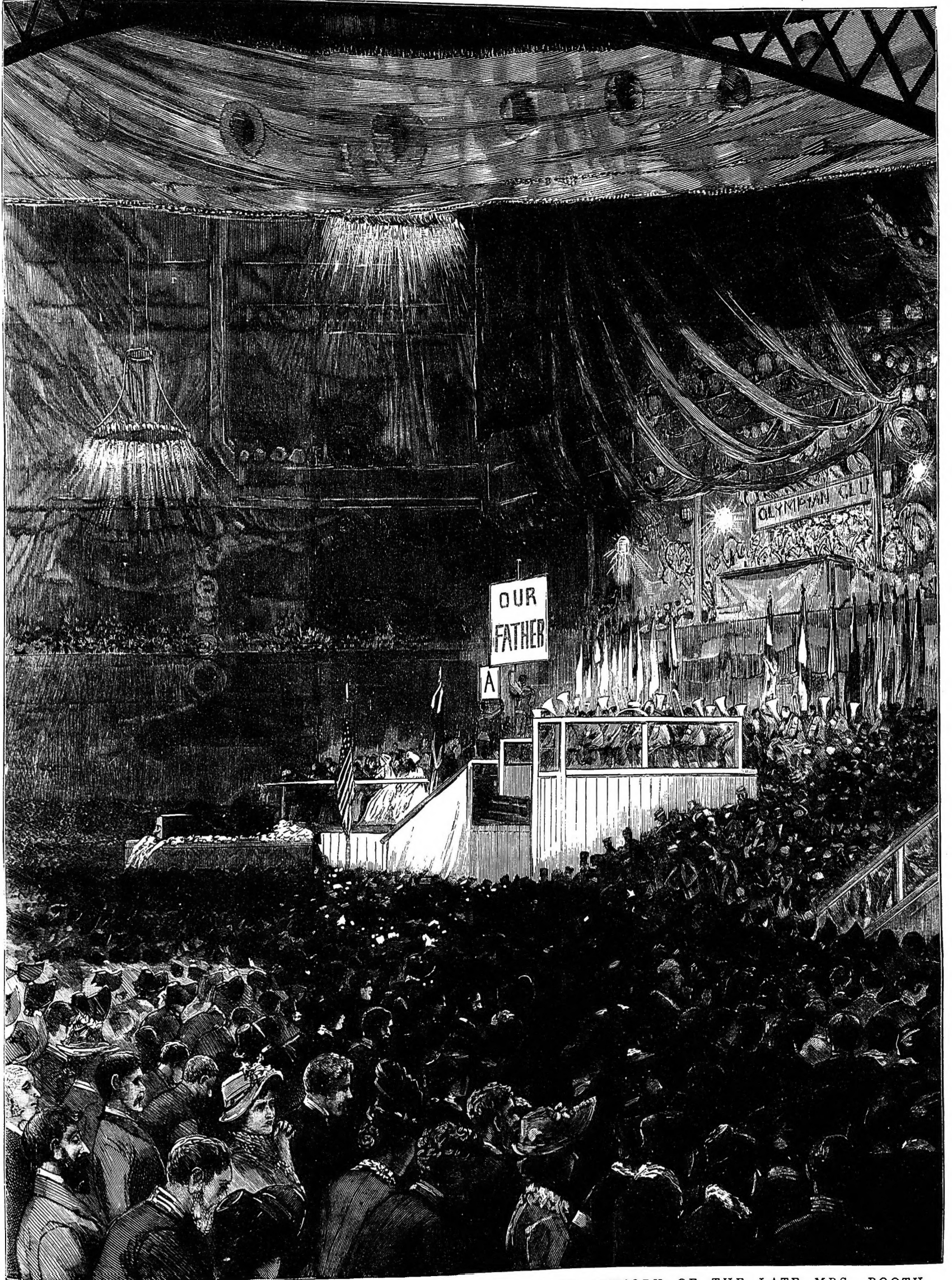
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,090.—Vol. XLII.  
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION  
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post 9½d.]



THE SALVATION ARMY MEMORIAL SERVICE AT OLYMPIA IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. BOOTH



## Topics of the Week

**THE IRISH FUGITIVES.**—Irish Nationalists are never better pleased than when they succeed in astonishing the British public. Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon, by their sudden flight, certainly secured for themselves this exquisite delight; but whether they may not in the end have to pay too heavy a price for it is another question. We do not, of course, suggest that their escapade has changed the opinion of any one who had already convinced himself of the expediency of Home Rule; but there are no important classes of Englishmen who, under any circumstances, really like childish pranks of this kind. We may expect, therefore, that a good many English supporters of the principle of Home Rule will be rather less enthusiastic about it, now that they know the stuff of which two of the most prominent Irish leaders are made. In Ireland the fugitives are more popular than ever, but, if they sometimes think of politics seriously, they can hardly fail to ask themselves whether the permanent effect of their flight on ordinary Irishmen is likely to be beneficial. If a Parliament were established in Dublin, would the new authorities find that their task was made easier by this incident? It may be said that Irishmen would readily obey laws passed by their own representatives. That, however, is to beg the question. A large number of Irishmen have been so accustomed to hold the law in contempt that if it made them in any way uncomfortable they would have little respect for it, no matter by what authority it might be enacted. Reverence for public order has been in every country a thing of slow growth; and Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, if they hope to hold positions of authority in an Irish system of government, have small reason to congratulate themselves on the impulse which has led them to "bolt" from legal proceedings, and thus to set an evil example which will not be soon forgotten by their countrymen.

**THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKE.**—Employers in England must envy greatly the power of combination which their class in Australia has developed. It needed, however, very strong pressure to bring about that remarkable union of capital. Not until the Federated Trade Unions made it quite plain that they were resolved to prevent the employment of free labour did the employers recognise the real issue they were invited to fight upon. Half-a-dozen different causes of quarrel were put forward from time to time, in order to conceal from the general community the fact that labour sought to dictate to capital not only what profits it should make, but what men it should employ in the business. The object was to make Trade Unionism supreme, so that it could fix both the rate of wages and the length of working hours. We have had some experience of that sort in England, but it has never been thrust forward in quite such a naked form. The failure of the great gas strike considerably damped the spirits of the Unions, and it was thought advisable, therefore, to fight the next battle in Australia. There labour is better organised, and far better endowed, than in England. But the prime movers in the business made a profound blunder when they assumed that the keen rivalries between Australian employers would always prevent them from standing shoulder to shoulder. In the presence of a deadly peril, threatening all alike, they closed their ranks, and presented a firm front to the common enemy, with the result that the strikers at once began to climb down. Is there not a lesson in this for English employers? They are threatened in precisely the same way; the late strike at Southampton was really an attempt to dragoo shipowners into employing none but members of Trade Unions. And how was that effort defeated? Simply by the shipowners, Dock Companies, and others concerned in the trade of the port combining for defence just as their workmen had combined for attack. Unless they had done this, even the assistance of the military in maintaining the rights of free labour would not have sufficed to give capital the victory.

**ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.**—Three years ago the Australian Governments offered 5,000*l.* for the purpose of promoting an "Antarctic reconnaissance," provided the Home Government would contribute a similar amount, but our Ministers declined to assist, and consequently up to the present time the scheme has remained dormant. It would not be fair to charge our Government with stinginess because they declined to become partners in this enterprise. The real fact was that the sum proposed was, in the opinion of experts, totally inadequate for such an undertaking; and it must be further admitted that since the comparative failure of the Nares Expedition towards the North Pole, the British public have become rather apathetic about Polar discoveries, whether North or South. Matters were very different sixty or seventy years ago, when the discovery of a practicable North-west passage towards India and China aroused considerable enthusiasm. Experience has since utterly exploded this conception; every one now knows that the discovery of a trade-route to Asia through the ice-floes of the far North is an unrealisable dream. As the Antarctic seas offer no practical attraction even of this shadowy character, no surprise need be felt that exploratory enterprise in

those regions has hung fire ever since Ross discovered the volcanic mountains of Victoria Land in 1842. There is now, however, some prospect, under the auspices of Barons Nordenskjöld and Oscar Dickson, of a renewal of the scheme which was allowed to lapse in 1887. We will not go so far as to say "It might be done, and England ought to do it;" nevertheless, while admitting that the sole tangible motive is the gratification of geographical and scientific curiosity, yet, if a really thorough plan of operations is laid down, and not a mere reconnaissance, this wealthy country, which took the lead in such enterprises in the earlier years of the century, might spend money worse than by contributing liberally to the solution of this interesting problem.

**KASSALA.**—French journals have been rather premature in their rejoicings over the failure of the Naples Conference. It is to be regretted, of course, that an understanding was not arrived at; but there is not the faintest indication that the Italians have allowed themselves to be irritated or annoyed by what has happened. The friendship between England and Italy is based on too solid a foundation to be readily shaken, and we may look forward with some confidence to the maintenance of their mutual good-will, even if an Anglo-Italian Agreement with regard to the territories in dispute should for some time be impracticable. The Italian Government could scarcely have seriously expected that Kassala would be handed over to them. The Soudan has for many a day been for England a thorn in the flesh, and it is likely to give her a good deal of further trouble. But in proportion as legitimate trade is introduced into the country, the difficulties with which we have hitherto had to contend will pass away, and the entire region will once more become accessible to English influence. To give Kassala to Italy would be to introduce a new and potent element that might thwart, or at any rate hamper, the action of the various forces that are already, directly or indirectly, working for our benefit. England may never, perhaps, either in her own name or in that of Egypt, claim the right to rule the Soudan as a whole; but she will certainly permit no other Power to obtain possession of it, or to secure any privilege that might lead to that result. The Italians have too much good sense not to understand this, and in the end they will probably content themselves with reasonable concessions.

**MILITARY INSUBORDINATION.**—Is the discipline of the British army as good as it used to be? In many respects the private soldier compares favourably with his predecessor. He is better educated, more intelligent, shoots straighter, and is less of an automaton. But in respect to discipline, it is to be feared that the ranks have somewhat deteriorated. No doubt such cases of insubordination as that just reported at Guernsey occasionally occurred even under the long-service régime. But they were very rare, whereas they have been of quite common occurrence recently. To what, then, is this unhappy change to be attributed? Partly, no doubt, to sympathy with the general revolt of the working classes against authority in every shape and form, but much more to the incompetency of so many non-commissioned officers to make their authority respected. Owing to the exigencies of short service, promotion to the non-commissioned ranks is much quicker than when every soldier enlisted for twenty-one years, and the consequence is that this highly-responsible grade is largely filled with smart young men who lack the weight and the judgment which come with years. How this patent defect of our military system can best be remedied is a very prickly problem. The non-commissioned ranks must be kept full at all times, and if there be no old soldiers available for the purpose, shift must be made with young ones. But would it not be possible, by increasing the pay or the pensions of non-commissioned officers, to induce many more to re-engage for a second period? Where the fault mainly lies is, we think, in passing the men too quickly through the lower grades of lance-corporal and corporal. It is when filling those positions that they have to acquire the knack of wielding authority with tact, fairness, and judgment. If, therefore, this period of education is abbreviated, the corporal blossoms into a sergeant before he is qualified to maintain discipline by that personal influence which is of such infinite value in the barrack-room.

**FREE TRADE PROSPECTS.**—Among the enthusiastic Free Traders in this country—if there are really many remaining—it is an undisputed axiom that, although she may injure other countries as well, America injures herself still more by such a tariff as that which Congress has recently passed. It is very disputable, however, whether this view can be maintained as regards America. Ever since she became a nation, she has always been rigidly Protectionist, and she has thriven remarkably well under that system. Already, as we pointed out some weeks ago, the McKinley Tariff is making itself felt in a very important direction. Arrangements are being made, on an extensive scale, for the transference of European (and especially British) capital, plant, and labour to the United States. Mr. McKinley claims that his tariff is essentially a free trade tariff, inasmuch as it admits 50 per cent of the imports free, a far larger proportion than under any previous tariff law. This may be verbally correct, but it simply means that our astute cousins are now letting in free of duty articles which

their climate precludes them from producing, and raw materials which they want for their own manufacturing purposes; but any manufactured product, which would seriously compete with their own output, they saddle with very onerous Customs charges. The truth is that the McKinley Bill is very cleverly constructed, and it may have far-reaching consequences as regards ourselves. The new generation have a much more open mind about Free Trade than the older race of statesmen who were brought up at the feet of Cobden, and they cannot but be impressed by the startling fact that, among civilised countries, the United Kingdom alone adheres to Free Trade. The Labour Party, at all events, have little belief in Free Trade; their ideal (judging by their doings at the Docks) being a good solid monopoly; and, as they are likely to increase in power, it is quite possible that Free Trade may be doomed by the time the *fin de siècle* is reached.

**CZECHS AND GERMANS.**—Some months ago all who take any interest in the affairs of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy were much pleased by the announcement that the Old Czechs and the Germans of Bohemia had arrived at an understanding. It was thought that one of the most troublesome problems of the Empire had thus been practically solved, and that Bohemia, under the new system, would soon become prosperous and contented. But unfortunately the Young Czechs, or Radicals, did not take this view. They raised an outcry against what they denounced as a betrayal of Slavonic interests, and their protests produced so strong an impression on the more excitable classes of their countrymen that the Old Czechs became rather alarmed at the results of their own action. Thus it happens that at the opening of the present Session of the Bohemian Diet it is uncertain whether the agreement which at first gave rise to so many hopes will be ratified. The Old Czechs will display little political wisdom if they repudiate their pledges, for it is certain that, if they take this course, they will plunge their country into serious trouble. What the Young Czechs want is that the Germans of Bohemia shall be thoroughly subject to the Czech majority; but as the Germans form considerably more than one-third of the population, and as many of them are better-educated, wealthier, and more vigorous than their Slavonic neighbours, they do not intend to allow themselves to be politically effaced. And in their claim for equal rights they have the cordial sympathy of the Germans in all other Austrian provinces. If, therefore, the majority of the Diet decline to sanction the steps which have been taken to secure a peaceful settlement, we may be sure that evil days are coming for Bohemia. In the interests of the Czechs themselves, as well as of the monarchy generally, it is to be hoped that the difficulties of the situation will be overcome. The Radicals can do little harm if the moderate Czechs remain true to their engagements with their German allies.

**WORKING THE CAUCUS.**—No doubt a considerable section of the public was surprised to learn, from the case just decided at the Thames Police Court, that it is possible for working members of a party Caucus to secure a position where they can manipulate the voting lists to their liking. Not only did three Radical overseers of Whitechapel coolly remove the name of the Conservative agent, although they knew him to be properly qualified, but they set down nearly 2,000 names which had no right to be in the list at all. Are there any other constituencies, we wonder, where this sort of legerdemain goes on? Perhaps; in the case in question, it was only the amazing audacity of the three operators in striking off a professional who "knew the ropes" quite as well as themselves which led to the disclosure. Had they left him alone, they might have succeeded in bringing off a nice little *coup* with their apocryphal additions to the list. They not only brought the dead to life, converted aliens into Britons, and made out non-residents to be residents; but, by exercising their creative faculties, they evolved a number of persons as electors who never had any existence at all. Owen Glendower would not have been in it, clearly, with these worthy overseers in conjuring spirits from the vasty deep; they did not use any incantations or magic charms, but simply recorded whatever names and addresses occurred to their ingenious minds, and then invested them with flesh and blood. One's sense of enjoyment is, however, somewhat marred by the reflection that, perchance, some honourable members now in the House owed their seats to similar instrumentality. Not with their own knowledge, of course; such dubious practices are always left to the rank and file. Still, it is impossible to read such cases without feeling that our means of insuring purity of election are not yet perfect. We should like to know, too, what profit for their party the daring triumvirate expected to make out of the ghosts and the *umbra* whom they placed upon the register.

**RAILWAY SERVANTS' TIPS.**—In the earlier days of railway enterprise, notices were plentifully exhibited at the various stations, warning the public against bestowing gratuities upon the Companies' servants. As John Bull likes to give tips for personal service, these minatory placards were quietly ignored, and, except that the tip was usually dropped into the porter's palm in a somewhat secretive fashion, the notices in question might just as well have never existed. After a while the railway companies took this view,





*Chromotypographie printed by Boussod, Valadon & Co. Paris*

HALT!

Types of the French Army : Horse Artillery

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. DE NEUVILLE



the warnings were gradually withdrawn, and now, at the larger stations, the porters expect to derive the larger portion of their emoluments from passengers, and not from their employers. Altogether the present system, though perhaps theoretically indefensible, works uncommonly well, and we have no desire to see it altered. If the railway companies have no desire on the abolition of all gratuities, the porters were to insist on their duty sullenly and reluctantly, whereas now would do their duty with alacrity and civility. Nor do we believe that the poorer class of travellers suffer by this arrangement. The humble copper donation of the clerk or maidservant is as welcome as the shilling of the swell, and as the luggage of the latter is usually much more extensive, he only pays proportionately for the trouble he gives. Some years ago a great outcry was made about waiters' fees. What was the result? Why, that landlords charged for attendance, while guests, who desired to ensure prompt and cheerful service, still found it politic to give something to waiters and chambermaids. The practical outcome of this intended reform was that the landlords benefited at the expense of the public, who paid twice over. Therefore, as regards the railway porters, we recognise the wisdom of the old adage: *Quinta non movere*.

**AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.**—No new light has been thrown on the relations between these two classes by the voluminous correspondence to which Archdeacon Farrar's attack on dishonest publishers has given rise. One definite suggestion, indeed, has been made; and that is, that authors, like working men, should form Trade Unions. The suggestion, however, can hardly be called a practical one. Some of the so-called "professional" authors might be willing to become members of a Union; but a great many persons who write books do not devote the whole of their time to work of this kind, nor do they depend upon it for their livelihood. Very few of these would care to hamper their freedom by taking part in any sort of organised opposition to publishers. We may doubt, also, whether a literary Trade Union would have the support of many authors who are popular enough to be able to make their own terms even with the most powerful of publishing firms. Upon the whole, it seems probable that writers as a class will have to get along as best they can with the existing system; and the true moral to be drawn from their difficulties is that people who have a chance of spending their lives profitably in other ways ought to think very carefully before entering upon a "literary career." As for the dispute about the payments to Archdeacon Farrar, that is a question in which the public cannot be expected to take much interest. That he had something like a moral right to a larger sum than he originally bargained for, Messrs. Cassell themselves seem to have practically admitted. But in the vast majority of cases publishers act quite fairly in abiding strictly by their contract, since few books are in a material sense so successful as the one about which there has been so much angry talk. If authors had nothing to complain of but the fact that they get only as much money as they themselves have agreed to take, they would have no real grievance.

**MARITIME COOKERY.**—Truly there is much cause for the Shipmasters' Society to seek to improve the *cuisine* on board cargo vessels. Even in craft that carry a few passengers the cooking for the crew is generally vile to the last degree. It may be said, perhaps, that the raw materials supplied to the oleaginous artist in the caboose or galley do not lend themselves to delicate confections. That is true, no doubt; at the best of times, junk has a flavour all its own, and salt pork requires a sea-appetite for its appreciation. Still, even these uninviting viands can be improved by judicious treatment. There is no reason, for instance, why the junk should be so hard that ingenious tars are said to have sometimes soled their boots with the material, as more indestructible and impervious than leather. By steeping it for some hours in lukewarm water it becomes tender enough for mastication by good teeth and powerful jaws, while Jack does not much mind the peculiar flavour. Under similar treatment, the salt pork assumes quite an appetising character, and has been known to pass muster among inexperienced passengers as "tinned." But although these are the staple articles of the maritime dietary, it is in the pea soup and duff that decent cooking makes such a difference to poor Jack. Badly done, they are nastiness *in excelsis*, the soup being liquid grease, tempered with parboiled pulse, while the duff would strain the digestive apparatus of an ostrich. But when a little care is bestowed on the cooking, both make good and nourishing food, and are highly appreciated in the foc'sle. We therefore wish the Shipmasters' Society all possible success in their endeavour to secure a supply of skilled cooks and cooks' mates from training ships and industrial schools. At the same time, they would need to remember that only by offering adequate wages, and insuring a reasonable degree of comfort on board ship, will a high standard be maintained.

**ETHER DRINKING IN IRELAND.**—Fanatical teetotallers have, it may be suspected, a good deal to answer for in the use of outlandish intoxicants. There are a number of persons in the world who have an insatiable craving for stimulants, and, as these are just the people who either persuade themselves, or are persuaded by others, to take the

pledge against beer, wine, and spirits, they seek to satisfy their morbid propensity in other directions. At present this miserable habit of ether drinking appears to be confined—and long may it be so—to one district of the North of Ireland; though, curiously enough, considering the prevailing creed of that part of the island, it obtains more among Roman Catholics than among Protestants. As the spirit thus consumed is methylated, and therefore possesses a very nauseous taste, we cannot honestly say with Captain Macheath, in *The Beggars' Opera*: "How happy could I be with ether;" nevertheless, it has special attractions of its own. From the drunkard's point of view it is cheap—for threepence or fourpence you can get gloriously (or disgustingly) drunk; and, as the intoxicating effect passes off very rapidly, an ether drinker often gets drunk half-a-dozen times a day. Quarrelsomeness is a marked feature of ether intoxication. This does not commend it as a beverage for the inhabitants of the Green Island, who are by nature a hot-headed people. Altogether, it is much to be preferred that Irishmen and women who wish to drink should stick to whisky, and we hope that the Government will take vigorous measures to nip this pernicious habit in the bud. No one would have been more grieved than the late estimable Father Mathew could he have foreseen that such an odious form of intoxication would take root in his native land.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPES OF THE FRENCH ARMY," from the *Painting* by A. DE NEUVILLE.

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



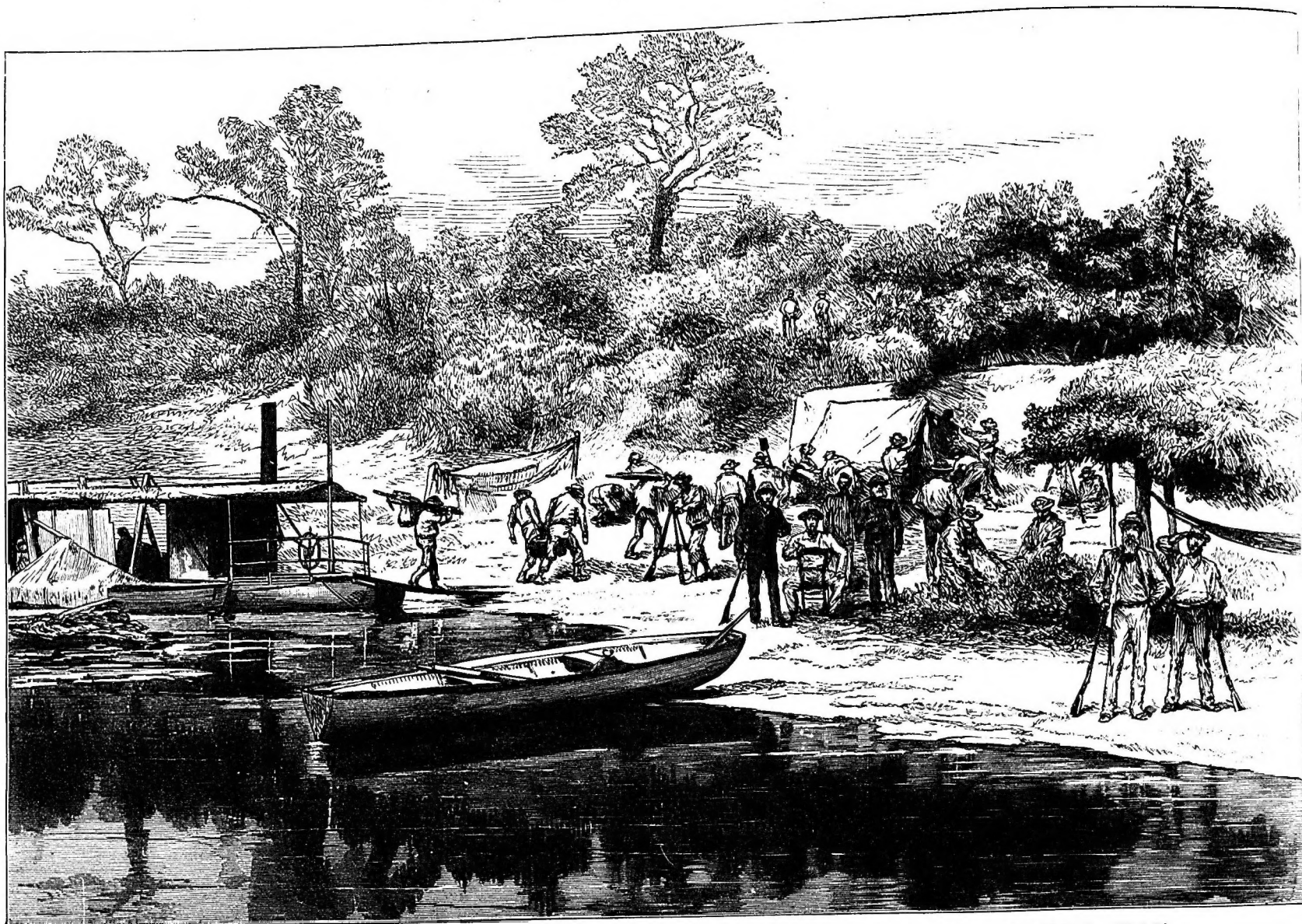
## THE LATE MRS. BOOTH

"THE mother of the Salvation Army" did much to benefit her fellow-creatures, and to assist the cause of Christianity during her lifetime. It is hardly to be denied, however, that her death will accomplish at least as much in this direction as did her life. The feelings which have been evoked by it among men and women of every class have been such as can hardly be altogether transient. Many a monarch has had a less glorious lying-in-state than Mrs. Booth. To the Congress Hall at Clapton, where the body lay, came every sort of visitor. Multitudes of men and women belonging to the army itself came as a matter of course from every part of the country; but in addition there came many visitors of a very different kind—people well-known in society, and wretched outcasts, Anglicans, and Roman Catholics, members of all the hundred-and-one sects to be found in "Whitaker," and many who owed allegiance to no Church or creed—to pay their tribute of respect to a good woman. Still more striking was the scene at the memorial service held at "Olympia" on Monday night. At least ten thousand persons, most of them members of the "Army," were present. As at the Congress Hall there were none of the usual outward and visible signs of mourning. Bright colours predominated in the decorations and dresses, but the proceedings were solemn and impressive. On a platform at the end of the building was a large orchestra of united bands. At the foot of the platform a place was reserved for the chief mourners, and in front of this was the stage on which the coffin rested. The funeral procession entered soon after six, one or two verses of the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," having been sung by the whole multitude. The bier was deposited in its place, and then followed more singing of hymns, and the recitation of the Lord's Prayer by the entire congregation, the time being given from the platform by Mr. Herbert Booth. The only dramatic incident was the singing of the chorus, "We shall walk through the valley and the shadow of death," by the members of the Booth family; and then after a short silence the procession left the building, and the service ended. Next day the funeral took place at Abney Park Cemetery. Immense numbers of Salvationists arrived early in the morning at the Blackfriars end of the Embankment. The procession was formed at eleven o'clock by sound of bugle. A move was first made to the Salvation headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, when the coffin was placed upon an open landau, draped with the Salvation colours, and drawn by a pair of horses. The procession then continued its march by way of the Mansion House, Threadneedle Street, and Kingsland Road, to the cemetery. Here a brief service was performed, and the coffin was then lowered into the grave. So ended what is perhaps the most impressive incident in the history of the Salvation Army.

## THE PILCOMAYO EXPEDITION

THE Pilcomayo is one of the chief branches of the Paraguay River, which flows into the Parana River, and with it forms a large affluent of the magnificent River Plate. The Pilcomayo has its sources in the Andes of Bolivia, and runs near the chief town of





THE PILCOMAYO EXPEDITION IN SOUTH AMERICA—A HALT BY THE WAY



"FREEMEN" ESCAPING IN A BOAT FROM AN ATTACK OF THE UNION MEN  
THE STRIKE OF DOCK LABOURERS AT MELBOURNE





"MIRED"—TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN TASMANIA



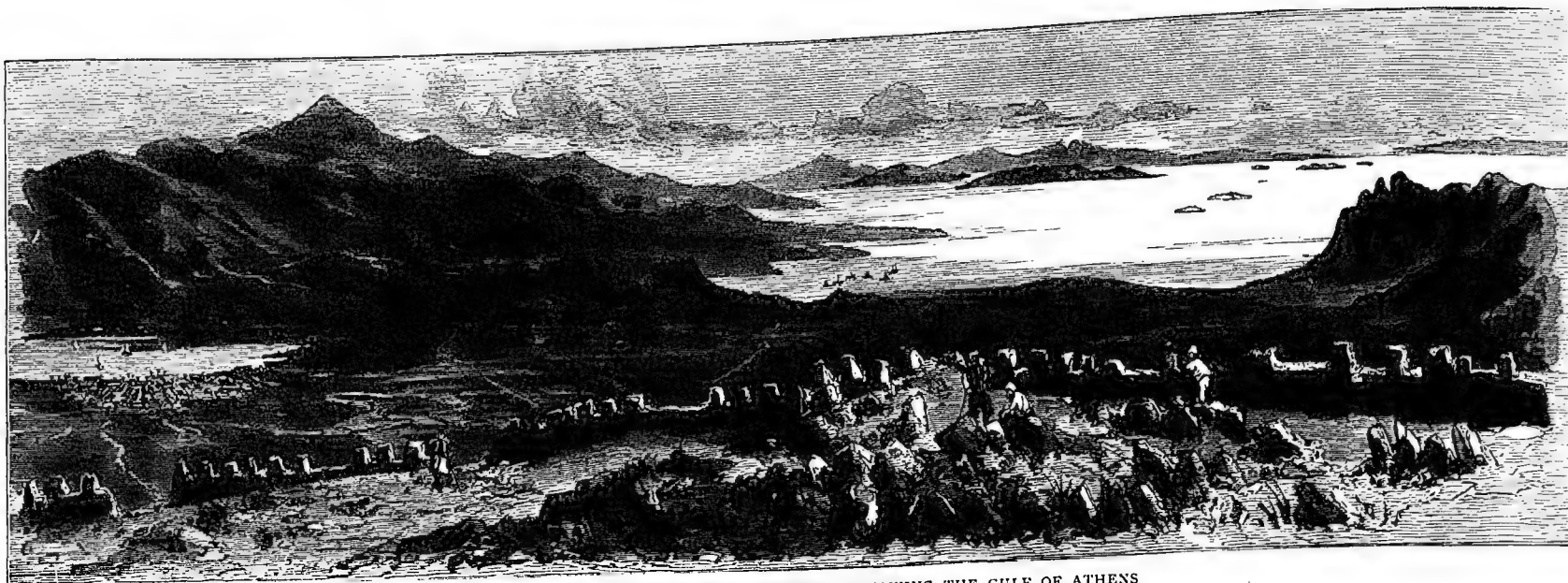
However, GERMANY is mostly concerned just now with the social question. Profiting by their new freedom, the Socialists have held an International Congress this week at Halle, attended by over four hundred delegates, of whom scarcely forty were foreigners. They set forth a most sweeping programme, which insists especially on three great points—direct legislation by the Sovereign People, decision on War or Peace by the People, and the Standing Army to be replaced by a National Citizen Force. As regards the last proviso, Germany, with her strong military spirit, is hardly likely to leave herself virtually defenceless and at the mercy of fully armed neighbours. Some other important conditions of the manifesto regard the amelioration of the working-classes, and come within the scope of Emperor William's famous labour scheme. Undoubtedly Socialism has profited by persecution, like most causes, for the leaders report a vast increase of numbers, influence, and funds since the anti-Socialist laws were enforced. Still, whatever favour their doctrines may find among the poorer classes in towns, they will not tempt the bulk of the provincial population. The Socialists conduct themselves very quietly, and the authorities let them severely alone, according to Emperor William's express desire. His Majesty holds a large gathering at Berlin to-day (Saturday), the anniversary of the late Emperor Frederick's birthday, for the consecration of the new Potsdam Mausoleum. The bodies of the Emperor and his two sons, Princes Sigismund and Waldemar, have been removed to the Mausoleum from their temporary resting-place in the Potsdam Friedenskirche, and a solemn service will take place this morning in the new building before the Empress Frederick—just returned from Italy—and all the Imperial family, the King of the Belgians, and numerous German feudatory princes. The Berlin money market has been much agitated by a rise in the Bank discount rate, owing to the great outflow of gold, so the two new Loans, which had been so successful, have fallen in consequence. Nor are commercial circles altogether pleased with the prospect of a new Austro-German Customs Union, revoking the present high Protectionist tariff. If Austrian exports enter too freely, many branches of German trade will suffer, while the Germans do not care to embark on a joint retaliatory tariff against the United States, "as Austria so



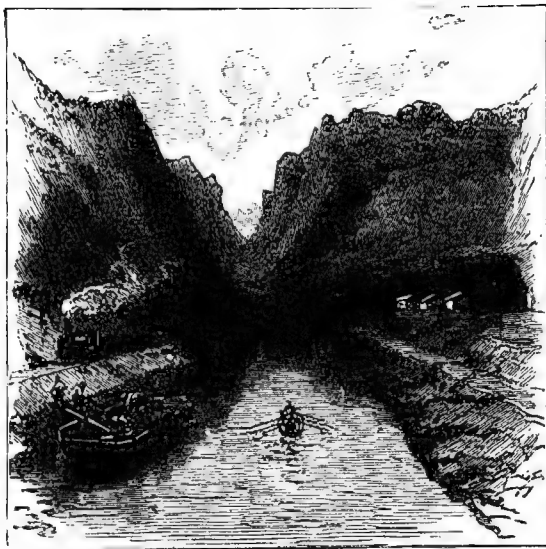
In much the same manner the *Spectator* mused when he wrote:—"Besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen-garden a more beautiful sight than the finest orangerie." Yet a moment's consideration on the delightful luxury which cheap oranges furnish to the poor, and to children especially, will modify these opinions—at least, so far as the fruit is concerned. India has sent us few luxuries which are so universally valued as oranges.

M. G. W.

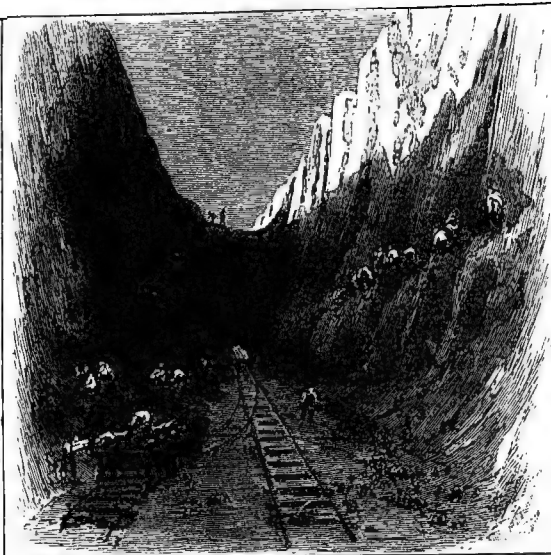




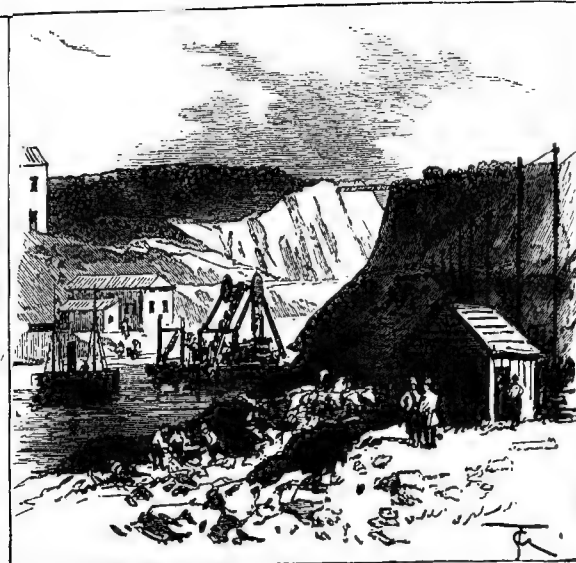
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH, SHOWING THE GULF OF ATHENS



THE KALAMAKI END OF THE CANAL

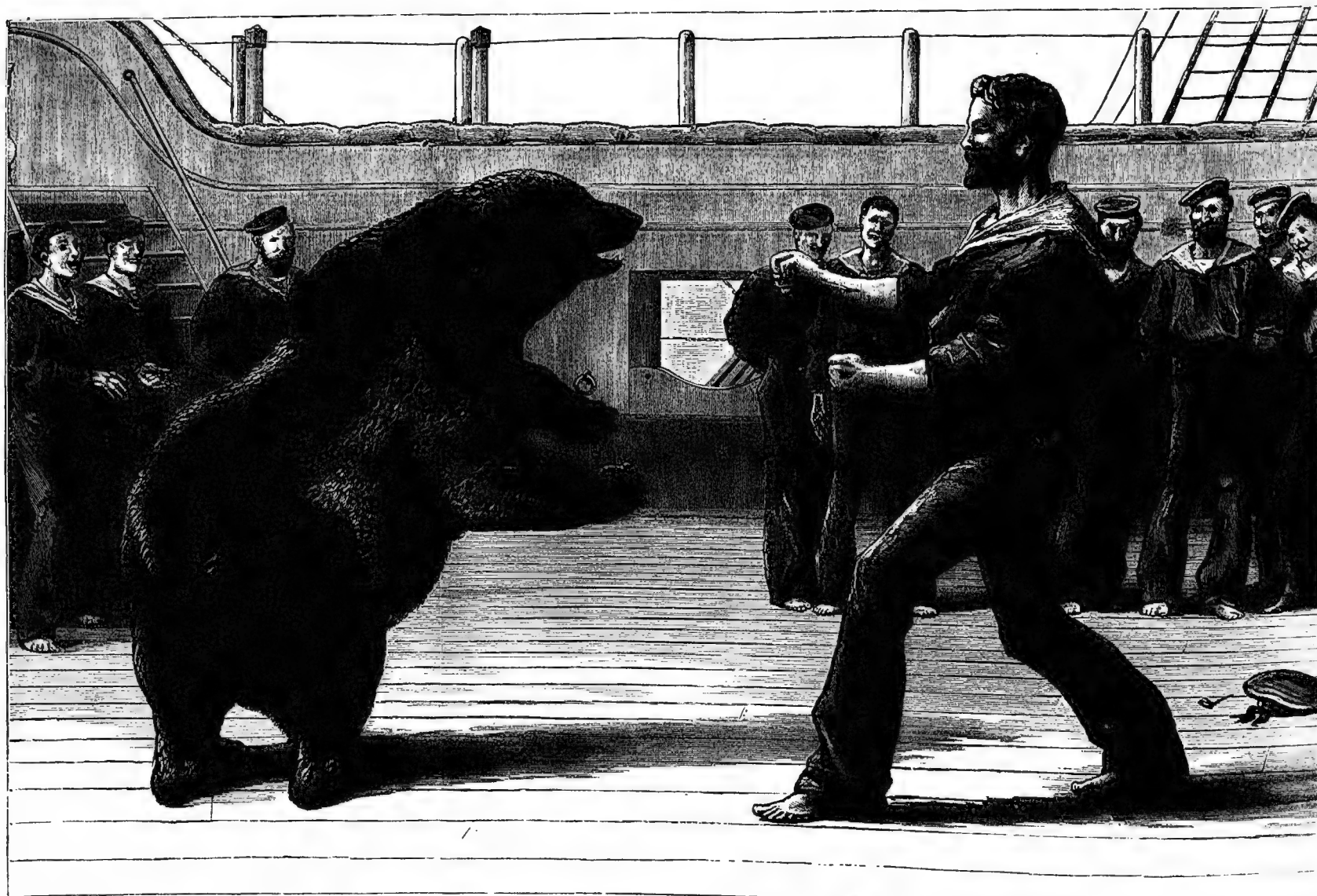


THE MIDDLE OF THE CUTTING, 120 FEET DEEP



THE CORINTH END OF THE CANAL

THE CANAL NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH CONNECTING THE GULF OF CORINTH WITH THE GULF OF ATHENS



A BOXING MATCH ON BOARD H.M.S. "CAMBRIDGE"  
THE PET BEAR "DOB" HAS NOW BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



"You have given your heart to another?"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &C.

Never a man so inflamed with anger, so overflowing with gall against others, as when he is conscious that he has laid himself open to self-misadversion. Anthony was bitter at heart against his wife and against her uncle, because he was aware, without being ready to acknowledge it, that he had acted ill towards both.

Why did not Crith have yielded at once to his wishes about the cradle? How obtuse to all delicate and elevated feeling she was to think that such a dusty, dingy, worm-eaten crib would suffice for his son, the representative of the house of Cleverdon—the child who was to be the means of reconciliation between himself and his father—the heir of Hall, who would open to him again the paternal mansion, and enable him to return there and escape from Wills-worth, a home becoming daily more distasteful, and likely to become wholly insupportable! That he had seen the cradle under disadvantage, in its abandoned, forgotten condition, and that it could be made to look well when a little feminine skill and taste were expended on it, did not occur to him.

More than his wife had no right to resist his wishes. He knew the world better than she—he knew what befitted one of the station his child would assume better than she. What might do for an heir to Willsworthy would be indecent for the heir to Hall—what might have suited a girl was not adapted to a boy. A wife should not question, but submit; the wish of her husband ought to be

paramount to her, and she should understand that her husband in requiring a thing acted on his right as master, and that her place was to bow to his requisition. The old sore against his father that had partially skinned over broke out again, festering and hot. He was angry against his father, as he was against Urith. He was angry also with Mr. Gibbs for having proved a better man than himself at singlestick. Of old, Anthony had shown himself a tolerable wrestler, runner, singlestick-player, thrower of quoits, player at bowls, among the young men of his acquaintance, and he had supposed himself a match for any one. Now he was easily disarmed and defeated by a half-tipsy old loafer, who had done no good to himself or any one in his life.

He had gone down in public estimation since his marriage—he who had been cock of the walk. And now he was not even esteemed in his own house; resisted by his wife, who set at naught his wishes, played with and beaten by that son—her uncle.

There was no one who really admired and looked up to him any longer, except Julian Crymes.

He had wandered forth in the wet, without a purpose, solely with the desire to be away from the house where he had met with annoyance, where he had played—but this he would not admit, though he felt it—so poor a figure. He took his way to Peter Tavy, and went into the little inn of the Hare and Hounds at Cudluptown, the first hamlet he reached.

No one was there. Uncle Sol had sat there, and tumbled and smoked ; but had finally wearied of the solitariness, and had gone

away. Now Anthony sat down where he had been, and was glad to find no one there, for in his present humour he was disinclined for company. The landlord came to him and took his order for *aqua vite*, brought it, and seated himself on a stool near him. But Anthony would not speak, or only answered his questions shortly, so as to let the man understand that his society was not desired. He took the hint, rose, and left the young man to his own thoughts.

He took the hint, rose, and left the young man to his own thoughts. Anthony put his head in his hand, and looked sullenly at the table. Many thoughts troubled him. Here he had sat on that eventful night after his first meeting and association with Urich on the moor. Here he had sat, with his heart on fire from her eyes, smouldering with love—just as an optic-glass kindles tinder. Here he had drunk, and, to show his courage, had gone forth to the churchyard and had broken down her father's head-post. He had brought it to this house, thrown it on this table—there! he doubted not, was the dirt made by it when it struck the board.

How long was it since that night? Only a little over a twelve-month. Did Urith's eyes burn his heart now? There was a fire in them occasionally, but it did not make his heart flame with love, but with anger. Formerly he was the well-to-do Anthony Cleverdon of Hall, with money in his pockets, able to take his pleasure, whatever it cost him. Now he had to reckon whether he could afford a glass before he treated himself to one, was warned against purchasing a new cradle as a needless expense, a bit of unpardonable extravagance.

He tossed off his glass, and signed for it to be refilled.





"Nay, brother, I cannot be sure of that, after what has fallen out with Anthony." Magdalen regretted having made this sharp reply when it was too late to recall it.

"You understand me, Bess," said the old man; "I have let you see by the way in which I have treated that rebellious son of mine, that my wishes are not to be slighted, my commands not to be disobeyed. You do as I tell you. Give your hand to Tony Crymes, or else—"

Bessie's calm, steadfast eyes were on him. He did not finish his sentence.

"Or else, what, father?" she asked.

He did not answer her; he put out one hand to the table, leaned on it, and thrust the other behind him under the coat-tails. His brows were knit, and his eyes glittered into stony hardness and cruel resolve.

"I cannot obey you, father," said Bessie.

"You will not!" shouted the old man.

"Father, I neither will, nor can obey you. I have known Fox, I mean Anthony Crymes, ever since I have been a child, but I have never cared for him." She turned to Fox apologetically, even then, in that moment of trial and pain to herself, she could not endure to say a word that might seem to slight and give a pang to another. "I beg your pardon, Fox, I mean that I have never cared for you more than, in any other way than, as a friend, and as Julian's brother."

"Pshaw! What of that?" asked the old man, somewhat lowering his voice, and attempting to keep his temper under control. "Love comes after marriage where it did not precede it. See what love comes to when it is out of place before it, in your brother's case."

"I cannot promise Anthony Crymes my love, for I know it never will come. I am glad he is the friend of my brother, and as such I regard him, but I esteem him only for what merits he has in him. I never can love him—never—never!"

"Disobedient hussy!" exclaimed the old man, losing the slight control he had exerted momentarily over himself. "Am I to be set at defiance by you as well as by Anthony? By heaven, I did not think there was such folly in the family. It did not come from me—not from my side. I will be obeyed. I will not have it said in the town that I cannot have my own way with my children."

He looked so angry, so threatening, that Fox interferred. He slipped between Bessie and her father, and said,

"Master Cleverdon, I will have no constraint used. If you attempt to coerce Bessie, then I withdraw at once. I have known and loved her for many years, and would now have hardly dared to offer myself, but that you cast out the suggestion to me. I saw that Bessie did not love me, and I held back, hoping the time might come when she would, perhaps, be guided less by the feelings of the heart and more by the cool reason of the brain. If she refuses me, it shall be a refusal to me, to an offer made in my own way, with delicacy and consideration for her feelings, not with threat and bluster. Excuse plain speaking, Squire, but such are my views on this matter, and this is a matter that concerns Bessie and me first, and you, Master Cleverdon, afterwards."

"Yes," said Magdalen, "your violence, brother, will effect nothing. You will only drive your remaining child from under your roof, as you drove Anthony."

"Be silent, you magpie!" shouted old Cleverdon, but he looked alarmed.

"Now," said Fox; "you have frightened and offended Bessie, and effected no good. Let her walk home, although it is raining, and I will accompany her part of the way, if not the whole, and speak to her in my own manner, and hear her decision from her own lips."

Bessie stood up.

"I am content," she said; "but do not for a moment think that my determination is to be changed. Have with you, Fox. Father, you will follow when your business in the town is over, and will catch me up. You said, I think, that you were going up to Kilworthy to see Mr. Crymes."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## A WET WOOING

BESSIE and Fox walked side by side, but without speaking as long as they were in the street of Tavistock, with houses on both sides. Here there were, perhaps, more numerous puddles, more mud, than outside the town. Moreover, the water that fell on the roofs dripped or shot in streams down on the heads of such as ventured to walk near the walls, and the only escape from these cataracts and douches was in the well-worn midst of the street where the dirt was deepest because the roadway was there most trampled. The ducking from the descending shoots of water, the circumventing of the pools, caused the walk of the two to be no more than approximately side by side. No walk could be direct, but must consist of a series of festoons and loops; but on passing the last house, Fox came boldly up to the side of Elizabeth Cleverdon, and said—

"Bessie, I am at a disadvantage; who can play the lover in such weather, and how can I lay myself at thy feet when the road is ankle-deep in mire? I should sink into the slough of despond and the mud close over my head and back or ever I had an answer from thee."

"There can and will be no romance in the matter," answered Elizabeth. "It is to me a sad and serious business, for if there be truth in what you say—that you have cared for me, then I am sorry to disappoint you; but, on my honour as a maid, Fox, I never suspected it."

"That may well be, for thou art so modest," replied Fox Crymes. "Yet I do assure thee the attachment has been of long time, and has thrown its roots through my heart. Even now—or now most of all, would I have held my tongue had not thy father encouraged me to speak."

"Why most of all now?"

"Because now, Bessie, that thy brother Anthony is out of favour thou art an heiress with great prospects; and neither would I seem to make my suit to thee because of these prospects, nor to step into the place and profits that should have belonged to Anthony."

Bessie looked round at him gratefully.

"I am glad you think of Anthony," she said.

"Of course I think of him. He is my friend. None have mourned more than I at his estrangement from his father. It has affected him in many ways. Not only is he cut off from Hall and his father, but disappointment has soured him, and I do not believe he is happy with his wife."

"What!—Anthony not happy with his wife!" Bessie sighed and hung her head. She remembered the dance at the Cakes, Anthony's neglect of Urith, and the attention he paid to Julian. No doubt this had occasioned a quarrel when he reached his home. Poor Anthony! Poor Anthony!

"And now," said Bessie, gently—"now that we are quite alone together, let me assure you that though I am thankful to you for the honour you have done me by asking for me, that yet I must beg you to desist from pressing a suit that must be unsuccessful. I can—after what you have said, and after the good feeling you have shown—will, respect you. I can do no more."

"You have given your heart to another?" half-asked Fox, with a leer that she did not notice.

"No—no one has my heart, for no one has thought it worth his while to ask for it, except you; and, alas! to you I cannot give it."

"But, if it is still free, may I not put in a claim for it?"

"No—it can never be yours."

"I will not take such a refusal. At bob-apple any boy may jump for the fruit, till it is carried away. Your heart is hung up to be jumped for, and I will not be thrust aside, and refused permission to try my luck along with the rest."

"No one else will think of coming forward."

"There you are mistaken, Bess. Consider what you are now—at all events, what you are esteemed to be. You will inherit Hall and all your father's savings. Your father has made no secret of his determination to disinherit Anthony. He has told several persons that he has made his will anew, and constituted you his heiress, your husband to take the name of Cleverdon. This is known and talked about everywhere. Do you suppose that with such a prospect there will not be a score of aspirants ready to cast off their names and become at once the husband of the most charming girl anywhere in South Devon, and a rich Squire Cleverdon of Hall?"

Bessie was infinitely hurt and shocked. She to rob her brother of his birthright! God forbid!

"Fox," she said, "this can never be. If I should at any time become owner of Hall, I would give it up immediately to dear Anthony."

"But," said Fox, with a mocking laugh on his face, "is it not likely that your father knows what you would do, and will take precautions against it, by settling the estate through your husband on your eldest son? You could not, were the estate so settled, do as you propose."

Bessie was silent, looking down into the mud, and forgetting to pick her way among the puddles. The rain had formed drops along the eave of her hood, and there were drops within on the fringes of her eyes.

"You will be persecuted by suitors," Fox continued, "and I ask you, is there any you know about here whom you would prefer to me?"

She did not answer him, she was thinking, with her hood drawn by one hand very close about her face, that no one approaching, nor Fox, should see her distress.

"Do not speak of others," said Bessie, at length; "sufficient to let things be till they come. I am, and you need not pretend it is not so—I am but a plain homely girl, and that will damp the ardour of most young men, who sigh for pretty faces."

"You do yourself injustice, Bessie. For my part I look to the qualities of the heart and understanding, and you have a generous and noble heart, and a clear and sound understanding. Beauty withers, such qualities ripen. I never was one to be taken with the glitter of tinsel. I look to and love sterling metal. It was your good qualities which attracted my admiration, and, fore Heaven, Bess, I think you uncommon comely."

"I pray you," urged Bessie, "desist from your suit. I have told thee it is fruitless."

"But I will not desist without a reason. Give me a reason, and I am silent. Without one, I will press on. I have a better right than any of the unknown who will come about thee like horseflies after awhile."

"I do not love thee. Is not that a reason?"

"None at all. I do not see why thou mayest not come to like me."

Bessie walked on some way in silence.

Presently she said, in a plaintive, low voice, "I will give thee, then, a reason; and, after that, turn on thy heel and leave me in peace. I have—"

Her voice failed her, and she stepped on some paces before she could recover it. "I tell thee this, Fox, only because thou hast been frank with me, and hast shown me a generous heart. My reason is this—and, Fox, there must, I reckon, be some confidence between two situated as we are—it is this, that long, long ago I did dearly love another, and I love him still."

"Now, Bessie!" exclaimed Fox, standing still in the road, and she halted also, "you assured me that you had given your heart to none."

"I have given it to none, for none asked it of me."

"I do not understand. You speak riddles."

"Not at all. Cannot a poor, ugly girl love a man—noble, wise, and good—and never let him know it, and never expect that it will be returned? I have heard a tale of a Catholic saint, that he wore a chain of barbed iron about his body under his clothing, where it ate into his flesh and cankered his blood; but none suspected it. He went about his daily tasks, and laughed with the merry-makers; yet all the while the barbs were working deeper into him, and he suffered. There be many poor, ill-favoured—ay, and well-favoured—wenches like that saint. They have their thorny braids about their hearts, and hide them under gay bodices, that none suspect aught. But—God forgive me," said Bessie, humbly, with soft, faltering voice—"God pardon me that I spoke of this as a chain of iron barbs, festering the blood. It is not so. There is no iron there at all, and no fester whatsoever—only very long-drawn pains, and now and then a little pure, honest blood runs from the wound. There, Fox, I have shown this only to thee. No one else knows thereof, and I have shown it thee only as a reason why I cannot love thee."

Fox Crymes made a grimace.

Bessie stepped along her way. Fox followed.

Presently she turned, hearing his steps, with a gesture of surprise, and said, "What, not gone yet?"

"No, Bessie, I admire thee the more, and I do not even now give over the pursuit. I would yet learn, hast thou any thought that he whom thou lovest will be thine?"

"No! no! never; I do not desire it."

"Not desire it?"

"Nay, for he has loved another; he has never given me a thought. I must not say that. Kind and good he has ever been—a friend; but he can and will be nothing more."

"There you mistake, Bessie. When he learns that you are the heiress to Hall his eyes will be wonderfully opened to your charms, and he will come and profess he ever loved thee." He spoke bitterly, laying bare his own base motives in so doing. But Bessie was too guileless to suspect him. She reared herself up; his words conveyed such a slight on the honour of Luke that she could not endure it.

"Never! never!" she said, and her eyes flashed through her tears. "Oh, Fox! if you knew who he was you would never have said that."

"But if he should come and solicit thy hand?"

"He cannot. He has told me that he loved another."

She resumed her walk.

Fox continued to attend her, in silence. He was puzzled what line to adopt. What she had told him had surprised and discomfited him. That Bessie—the ordinary, plain-faced, methodical Bessie—should have had her romance was to him a surprise.

How little do we know of what passes under our very feet! Who dreamed of magnetic currents till the magnetometer registered their movements? Waves roll through the solid crust of earth without making it tremble at all; magnetic storms rage around us without causing a disturbance in the heavens; and but for the unclosing of our eyes through the scientific instrument we should know nothing about them—have laughed at the thought of their existence.

"I must needs walk on with thee," said Fox; "for I cannot

leave thee till thy father come and overtake thee. And if I walk at thy side, well—we must talk, at all events I must, for my tongue has not the knack of lying still behind my teeth."

Fox was at heart angry at his ill-success; he had hoped to have made a great impression on Bessie by the declaration of his love. She was but an ordinarily-favoured girl, as he knew well enough, had never been sought by young men, always thrust aside, accustomed to see others preferred to herself—at a dance to be left against the wall without a partner, after church to be allowed to accompany her father home, without any lad seeking to attach himself to her and disengage her from the old man. To a girl so generally disregarded his addresses ought to have come as a surprise, and have been accepted with eagerness. He was in a rage with her for the emphatic and resolute manner in which she refused him.

"Let us talk of Anthony," said he.

"With all my heart," she replied, with a sigh of relief.

"Do you see any way in which your brother can be received again into favour?" he inquired.

She shook her head. "Nothing that I can say has any effect on my father. He will not permit me to go near Willsworthy."

"Then I can say what is the only way in which peace and good will may be brought back into the family. It lies in your hands to build a bridge between your father and Tony. I am certain that in his heart the old Squire is discontented that things should remain as they are, but he has spoken the word, and he is too proud to withdraw it. If it could have come to pass that you took my hand, then I do not believe that your father would resist our united persuasion. See how much weight we could have brought to bear on him, how we could have watched our opportunities, how—if it should happen at any time that Tony should have a child, we might have brought it to the old man, set it on his knees, and then together have taken the right moment to plead for Anthony."

Bessie drew a long breath.

"I would do a great deal, almost anything, to bring about what you speak of, but this means is beyond my power. It cannot be. I know now how good and faithful a friend you are to my dear, dear, brother Anthony. I must again speak very plainly. I do desire, Fox, in all ways to spare you a wound, but you will take no refusal. You said, 'Let us talk of Anthony,' and you work it round to the same point. I shall never marry; I cannot marry you; I shall take no one else. I pray you desist from your pursuit. You heard what Aunt Magdalen said, that my father, if he persisted, would drive me to run away, as did Anthony. It will be so. If my father will not accept my refusal, then I must go. I shall go to Anthony and his wife, or to my aunt. I could not swear that is false to you or to any one else. Before the minister of God I would not promise love, and love to my husband only, knowing that I could not love, for my love was elsewhere. No," added Bessie, shaking her head, "I must be true, always true, to myself, and before God."

As she spoke, both heard the clatter of horse's hoofs. They halted, parted, one on each side of the road, and looked back. A man was galloping along, with his head down against the rain; he did not look up, but remained bowed as he approached.

"Father!" called Bessie, for she recognised both the horse and the rider. He did not draw rein, apparently he did not hear her. Certainly he saw neither her nor Fox. Wrapped in his own thoughts, forgetful of his daughter, of his promise to take her up, he galloped past, and sent the mud flying from his horse's hoofs, bespattering her as he passed.

(To be continued)

## PASTIMES

**THE TURF.**—Rarely has the Second October Meeting at headquarters proved more enjoyable than it did last week. The weather was perfect, bright without being too hot; and there had been just enough rain to render the going good. It was this downpour which really decided the result of the Cesarewitch. Prince Soltykoff's Sheen had the top-weight in the handicap, but owing to the hard state of the ground his starting had been doubtful. The welcome shower decided his owner to give him a run, with the result that he scored a very popular win under the highest weight—9 st. 2 lbs.—ever yet carried to victory. Alicante, which started a hot favourite at 9 to 2, finished second, and has retained her position at the head of the Cambridgeshire quotations, though her price has slightly lengthened. The only other race throwing much light upon the other great Handicap, which is to be run on Wednesday next, was the Thirteenth Great Challenge Stakes, in which Signorina was not only beaten by Mephisto, but finished behind such a second-rater as Melody. Consequently she was at once driven to an outside price for the Cambridgeshire. Amphion upheld his grand reputation by easily defeating Memoir and Blue Green in the Champion Stakes, but Alloway cut a very poor figure in the Newmarket Derby, won by Lord Durham's Circassian. Memoir won the Newmarket Oaks for the Duke of Portland, and Haute Saône the Prendergast Stakes for Baron de Rothschild.

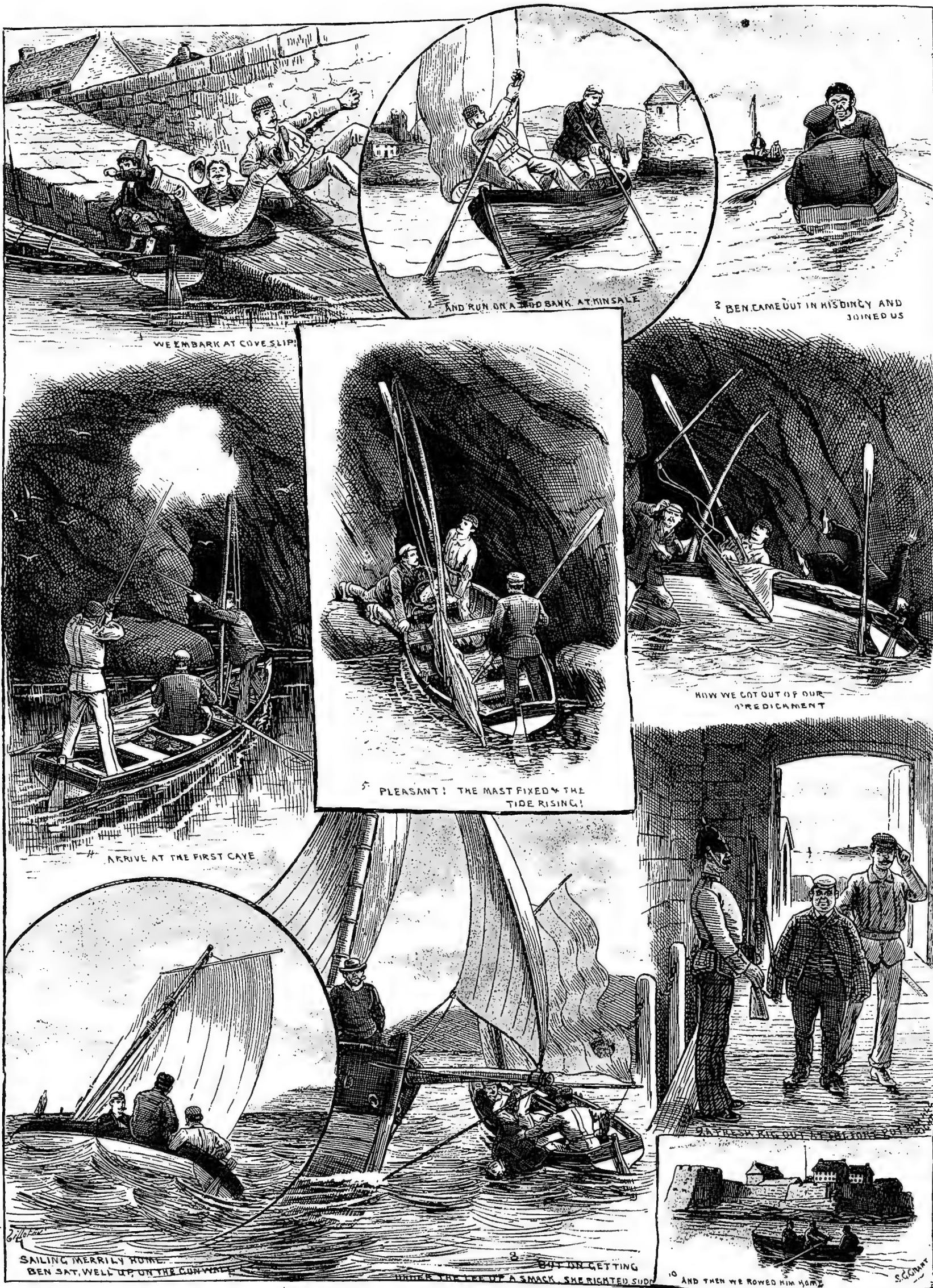
The blood-stock sales conducted by Messrs. Tattersall during the week were of a miscellaneous character. Lord Marcus Beresford gave 2,600gs. for the stallion, Child of the Mist; Mr. D. Cooper gave the same price for Mons Meg, a two-year-old by Martini Henry—Malacca, and 1,700gs. for Wentworth, a two-year-old by Chester—Trafalgar; while George Barrett secured Democracy, a filly foal by St. Simon—Morning Glory, for 1,800gs.

**FOOTBALL.**—The Bradford Rugbyites seem to be in as good form as ever this season. Last Saturday they defeated Halifax. The once-famous Wakefield Trinity succumbed to Batley, however, and Leeds Parish Church to Dewsbury. Down south, Blackheath, Richmond, Old Leysians, and London Scottish were successful. Middlesex Wanderers, Cooper's Hill, St. Thomas's Hospital, and Marlboro' Nomads being the beaten clubs.—Under the "dribbling" code, the drawn League match between Everton and Aston Villa excited the most interest, this being the first match in which the Evertonians have not been successful. Preston North End added to their score with a victory over Accrington. In the south, Old Etonians succumbed to Casuals, Old Harrovians to London Caledonians, and the 93rd Highlanders to Royal Arsenal; while in Scotland Queen's Park were knocked out of the Glasgow Cup competition by the 3rd Lanark R.V.

**BILLIARDS.**—Much interest was taken in the match for the Amateur Championship between Mr. A. P. Gaskell, the holder, and Mr. W. D. Courtney. Mr. Gaskell, having won on five previous occasions, only required another victory to become absolute owner of the Champion Cup; but though he played very steadily, and made two breaks of 105, he had to submit to defeat by 89 points. The winner compiled a break of 111. The worst of these competitions is that the very best amateur players do not compete. There is said to be at least one who, with the use of the "spot," plays John Roberts level. But that may be only *ben trovato*, *e non vero*.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—John Owen, Detroit, U.S.A., is credited with having run 100 yards in 9.4-5ths secs. (record).—Over the Thames Championship Course on Monday, C. R. Harding, of Chelsea, beat Jacob Tyrrell, of Clapton.—At Lacrosse, Lancashire beat Yorkshire by no fewer than twenty goals to none.—Jessie, a mare belonging to Mr. Peter Leach, of Salford, trotted eighteen miles, on Monday, in twenty-six seconds under the hour.





A DAY'S PIGEON SHOOTING AT KINSALE, IRELAND



## BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

A black and white illustration of a young girl with long, curly hair, wearing a light-colored dress and dark tights. She is looking up in surprise or delight, with her arms outstretched. Numerous birds, possibly pigeons or doves, are flying around her, some in the air and some on the ground. The scene is set outdoors with some foliage visible at the bottom.

**"MERLE AND THE BLACKBIRDS"**  
From "Wanted—A King," by Maggie Browne

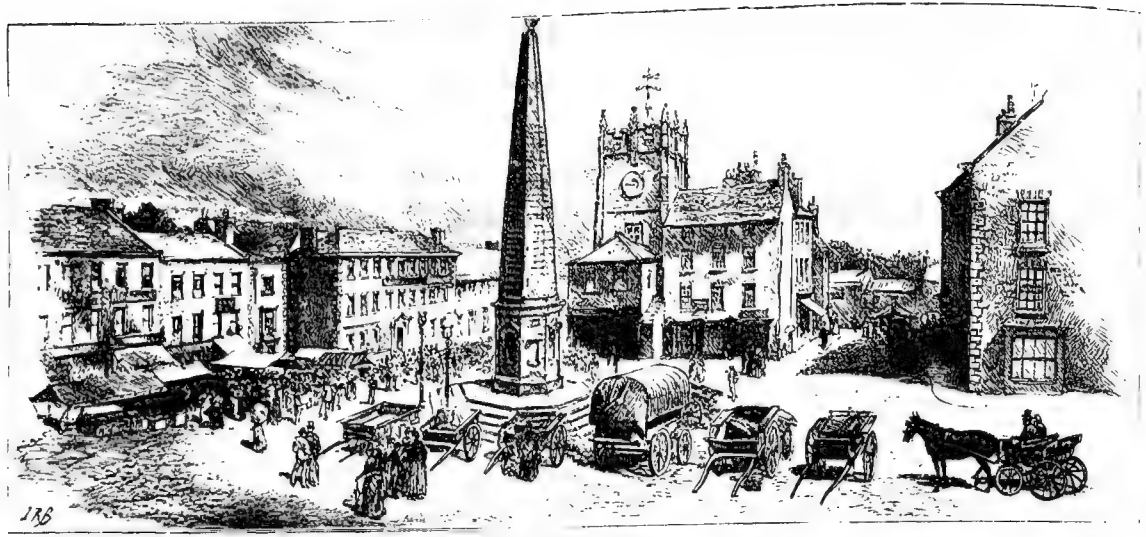
Some remaining volumes are of more serious tone, and intended for readers in their later teens. One pair for boys would suit a parish library, "A Dangerous Friend" (Cauldwell), by Emma Leslie, illustrating the temptations and errors of a lad first going to work, while "Adolphus Etherton" (Cauldwell), by P. A. Blyth, shows the evil effects of a boy always having his own way—the latter lesson being put in somewhat dry form. Girls are more concerned in "Called to be Conquerors" (Cauldwell), by Maggie Fearn, whose heroine—a little too perfect, by-the-by—first converts and then marries her guardian. Again, conversion is the theme of "The King's Diadem" (Cauldwell), where Annie Gray well depicts

# THE READER

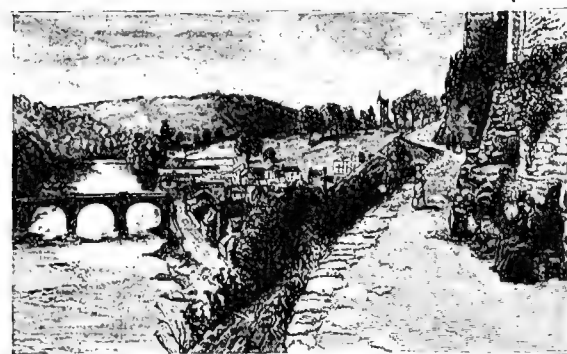
The *Scots Observer* has for some time been known to all who care for literary workmanship as the most brilliant of the weekly reviews, and many have regretted that so much good English should be lost in the oblivion of a back file. One of the best sets of articles in the paper is the series of literary and critical portraits of men of the present day, and therefore the volume of collected sketches called "Modern Men," from the *Scots Observer* (Edward Arnold), will be thoroughly welcome. There is something delightfully fresh and witty about these character sketches, and the very arrangement of the book gives the note of the whole. Mr. Parnell is contrasted with Mr. Balfour, Mr. Gladstone with Prince Bismarck, and Mr. Lewis Morris with a poet. In each of the portraits there

the merchant will allow you to take it away with you to London or Australia, as the case may be, and forward him the money when you get on shore. All he requires is your card and address. This negotiation has been actually put in practice more than once to the writer's knowledge. In this way, too, of course, the purchaser of





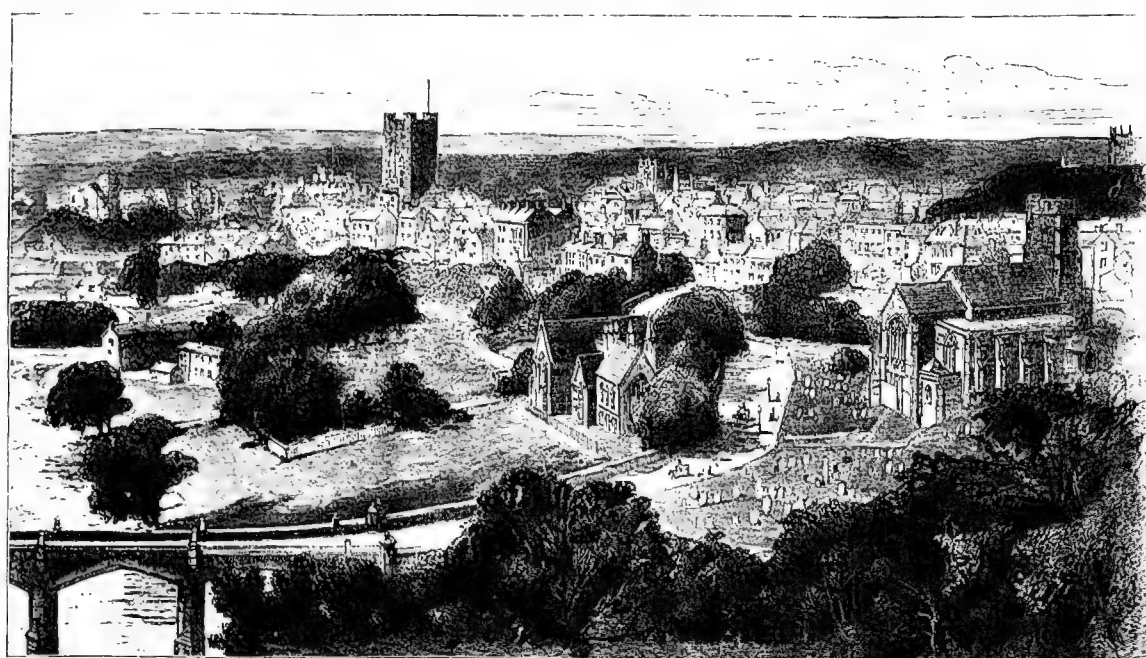
THE MARKET PLACE



THE TERRACE—UNDER THE CASTLE WALL



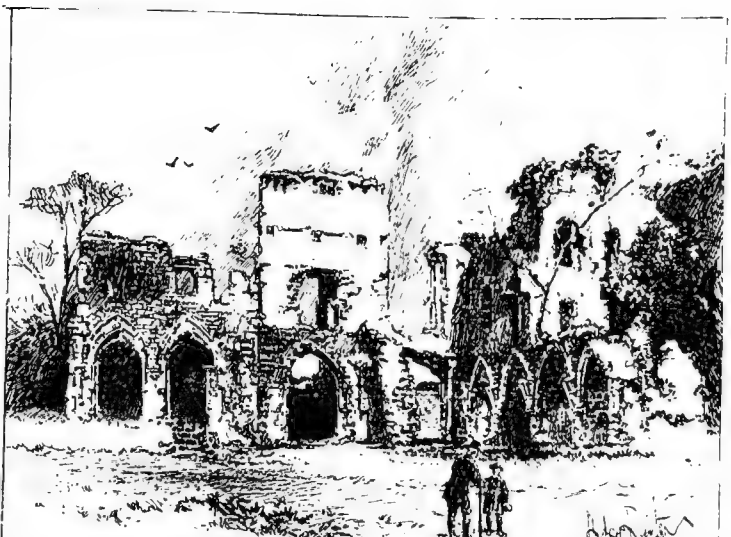
THE CONVENT



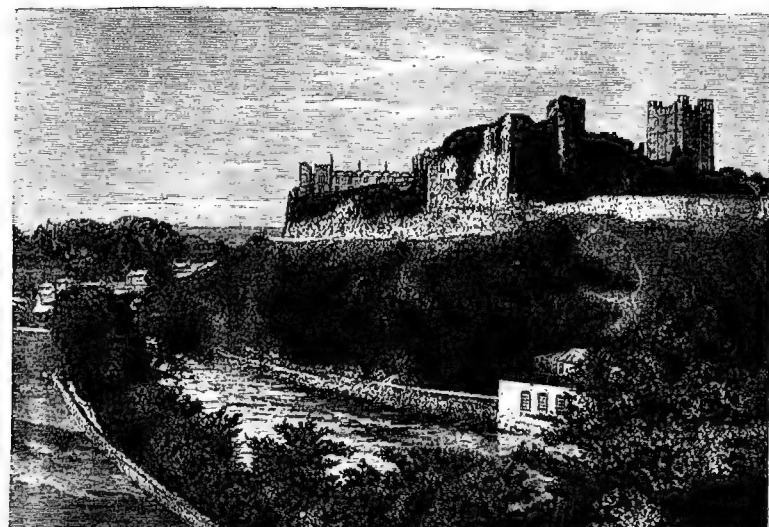
RICHMOND—FROM THE HIGH TERRACE



GREY FRIARS TOWN



EASBY ABBEY



THE CASTLE



AN OLD NORMAN ARCH AT EASBY ABBEY



SWALDALE, FROM WILLANCE LEAP



AND one or more sentences which will live, the opening sentence of the paper on Mr. C. S. Parnell being especially a masterpiece of polished sarcasm. The articles on Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Harris, and Mr. Stead all contain something new, or something put in a new light, but perhaps the skill of the writer is best shown by the fact that a fairly amusing sketch has been made even of so battered and tattered a politician as Sir William Harcourt. It is quite possible that the satire and irony are in more than one instance too keen to allow their object to feel any very intense amusement, but it is safe to say that the best friends of some of these "Modern Men" will be able to extract a good deal of enjoyment from the comparison of the original with his reflection in the mirror of the *Scots Observer*. It would, by the way, be more satisfactory if publishers would be careful to send complete copies of their books for review, instead of binding up pages twice over, as is the case in this instance with pages 81-96.

A series republished from a French newspaper follows naturally on a collection from an English journal. From the other side of the Channel comes a noteworthy volume of literary criticism, "Petits Lundis," by Antonin Bunand (Paris: Perrin et Cie), made up of the weekly articles published by the author in *Le Siècle*. The absence of any clamorous desire on the part of the French for what we call news leads them to combine the functions of the daily and the weekly Press in one, and the weekly signed article by a journalist of note is an outcome of this practice. M. Antonin Bunand is evidently a young man—the tone of his tilt at the French Academy shows this—but he is singularly free from the affectations and prejudices of the modern French youth, perhaps on account of the critical and common-sense bias of his mind. He is well read, and catholic in his sympathies, pinning his faith to no one master and to no particular school, for he sees the good in widely-different writers, and when he attacks a man clearly does so in the expression of his own opinion, and not that of some self-admiring clique. He is not quite just to that glorified penny-a-liner, the elder Dumas, who was assuredly, in spite of his faults, a mighty magician, and a romancer whose work will live when the imaginings of some of the present "masters" are draped in a decent oblivion. "Les Jeunes et le Boulangisme" is interesting, but it is impossible for a Frenchman, however judicial he may usually be, to look at the events of the last year or two in an impartial and impersonal light, and thereby the value of M. Bunand's article is considerably diminished. But to English readers, the papers on "Les poèmes d'Edgar Poe" and "Poètes anglais modernes" will be the most remarkable. Like most Frenchmen who have read Poe, M. Bunand has a great admiration for the weird beauty of the American poet's work, but he can also understand and appreciate the English poets, and seems to comprehend the broad lines on which English poetry has advanced to its present high position. But among the glorious names that do honour to the present century it is rather surprising to find that of Walt Whitman, or Whitmann, for M. Bunand is rather undecided how to spell the name, included. It raises a doubt as to the depth of M. Bunand's draughts of English poetry, more especially as he does not always follow the accepted spelling of the names he quotes. In the second edition, which will no doubt soon be called for, such eccentricities as "Longfellow," "Wordsworth," and "Loksey Hall" should be pruned away. But these are trifles compared with the general excellence of the collection, which is evidently the work of an independent and well-balanced mind.

The beginning of the scholastic year is always fruitful in new text books and new editions for the use of schools and the discomfiture of schoolboys. A batch of French books contains an edition of Lamartine's "Le Tailleur de Pierres," by Stéphane Barlet (Librairie Hachette et Cie), which is plentifully provided with notes and index, the only fault being that the aid given is almost too full—"Histoires Choiesies," by J. Belford, also published by Hachette, consists of extracts from the best works of such authors as Lamartine, Georges Ohnet, Balzac, Octave Feuillet, and Karr, and will be more attractive and more useful than extracts from the authors of the last century. Very wisely the compiler has prefixed a short biography of the author to each extract—"A New Elementary French Course" (Joseph Hughes and Co.) has been written by Professor Darqué, and is intended to teach the language spoken at the present time by the educated classes in France.—The "Grammaire des Grammaires," by Dr. de Fivas (Crosby Lockwood and Son), is a very old friend. The present edition is the fifty-first; the work has been revised and enlarged, and a most excellent and useful appendix has been added. The smart and jaunty appearance of the volume before it has undergone a little school discipline has something of the force of a revelation.

The eleventh volume of Professor Masson's edition of the works of Thomas de Quincey (Adam and Charles Black) contains a number of articles on "Literary Criticism and Theory," and among them the papers on the "Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," "Analecets from Richter," and "Notes on Gillfillan's Literary Portraits." The next volume will contain some of De Quincey's original tales.

### RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE

RICHMOND, or Rich Mount, probably formerly so called from the very beautiful surrounding scenery and the rich quality of the soil, is the capital of the North Riding of Yorkshire.

The ancient town of Richmond is situated on projecting ground formed by Nature, and for many miles round contains some of England's choicest scenery; in fact, eminent artists who have travelled the greater part of the world declare that no scenery surpasses that which can be seen round this time-honoured town; and some of the choicest works which Turner left behind him represent the Castle and town of Richmond, Easby Abbey, and Marrick Abbey. Whether the view be of the grand old town of Richmond, which is seen castle-crowned through masses of variegated foliage; of the rising ground to the north, often tinted with the purple and olive of heath and fern, and darkened with yews and firs; the extensive panorama which stretches across the fertile country to the Vale of Mowbray; on the east; the bold limestone cliffs to the west butting into Arkendale, still lowering "dark afar;" or of the fields in glowing green, which slope upwards from the southward bank of the Swale; the mingled view of the walks, the caverns (or "hovens," as they are called here) in the rocks, woods, and towers; the plantations which dot the hill-sides; the ruins that are preachers of past glories, and the Castle and Easby Abbey that tell of the wars and refuges of old; the multiform shapes and many tints the hills yield in the rays of the sun, combined with the silvery stream—consecrated by our British and Saxon ancestors for religious purposes—which flows under the woods and fills the air with its melody—all unite to give one grand panorama which derives increased interest and attraction from the part it has played in the stormy past, and which merits in the present the encomiums of all who visit the metropolis of beautiful Swaledale. The district is rich in geology, and a grand field for the botanist, the altitude rising from the river here for a mile and a half westward from 300 to 900 feet above the sea level.

Richmond was incorporated in the reign of Charles II. on the 14th of March, 1668. The first Mayor was William Wetwange. There were twelve Aldermen, one Recorder, and two Sergeants-at-Mace. The Corporation is now composed of a Mayor (Mr. Alderman George Roper, J.P., C.A.) four Aldermen, twelve Councillors,

Recorder, and two Sergeants-at-Mace. Richmond has also its Borough Magistrates.

As a health resort, the residential town of Richmond is unequalled. It possesses pure mountain air and spring water from limestone beds, and being situated on a hill the drainage is assisted by Nature. There are no factories in the town which generate smoke to impregnate the pure air; and there is no doubt if Richmond had such railway accommodation as Harrogate, Scarborough, and other similar towns, the name of Richmond in Yorkshire would resound as a health resort throughout England.

### ASKE HALL

ASKE HALL, the principal seat of His Excellency the Earl of Zetland, is one and a-half miles north from Richmond. Aske is of great antiquity. It is described as "Asse" in Domesday Book, as the manor of Tor, a Saxon, before the Conquest. Then it belonged to Whyomar, or Wyhomere, kinsman and sewer to Allan, the first Earl of Richmond. Whyomar's descendants flourished here for more than five hundred years under the name of Aske. The Askes were the first founders of Easby Abbey. It afterwards came into the hands of the Howes family, of Streatham, of Philip Lord Wharton, Sir Conyers D'Arcy, and the Earl of Holderness, and in 1762 was sold to Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart. The Hall is a spacious and elegant mansion built of stone, with two projecting ivy-covered wings in front, and a castellated tower at each side.

### THE CASTLE

THE Castle is the first object of interest in Richmond. Situated on its almost perpendicular limestone rock, 450 ft. above the sea level, and defended on three sides by a natural slope of great abruptness, it must have been, in ancient times, almost impregnable; 1071 is given as the date when its erection was begun by Earl Allan, surnamed Rufus, or the Red, from the colour of his hair, one of the sons of Eudo, Earl of Brittany, and a relative of the Conqueror. The Castle Keep, a massive square tower, 100 ft. high, and 12 ft. thick, built by Earl Conan for the protection of the entrance, some seventy-five years later than the fortress, shows few signs of decay. The eastern side-wall was strengthened by a centre tower, called Robin Hood's. The lowest chamber in this tower was a small chapel, dedicated to St. Nicholas. On the south-east are the remains of a tower, called "The Golden Hole," and adjoining this is the Hall of Scotland, Lord of Bedale. The north and east sides were secured by a wide and deep moat. The outer walls were 6 ft. thick, and about 650 yards in length, enclosing an irregular space of five acres. Being allied by birth and by marriage to the throne, the Earls of Richmond lived here in great splendour, possessing upon their estates nearly the same privileges as royalty itself. They had their constable, seneschal, bailiff, chamberlain, chief steward, and all other officers of State which belong to the Castle of a Sovereign Prince. The Castles of Middleham, Ravensworth, and Bolton were minor places compared to this stronghold, and were intended not merely for war or safety, but generally for the principal residence of the barons.

In 1855 the Castle was let on lease by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon (who has no other property here) to the North York Rifles, in whose possession it still remains.

### EASBY ABBEY

THE Abbey of St. Agatha, commonly called Easby Abbey (about a mile from Richmond), a monastery which was inhabited by Canons of the Premonstratensian Order, was founded in 1152 by Roald, or Roaldus, Constable of Richmond Castle, and further endowed by the family of Scrope, Roger de Mowbray, Alan Bygod, William de Barton, and many others. Henry, Lord Scrope, who purchased the possessions of Roaldus for one of his descendants, had the patronage of the Abbey in the tenth of Edward III. In the sixteenth of Richard II., his son Richard, then Lord High Chancellor, received the royal licence to bestow on this house an annual rent of 150*l.* for the maintenance of ten additional canons and two secular ones. At the Suppression, during the reign of Henry VIII., many of its ornaments were scattered abroad in various churches. Some of the richly-carved work may be seen over the stalls of the Aldermen in Richmond Parish Church, and several fragments of stained glass, &c., in the retired Parish Church of Easby.

### GREY FRIARS

THE monastery of the Grey Friars, on the north side of the town, was founded by Ralph Fitz Randolph, Lord of Middleham, in 1257, and continued in a flourishing condition for nearly three hundred years. In the thirty-eighth of Edward III., Richard le Scrope gave to it certain lands and appurtenances. Little of this ancient religious house remains except a very fine Gothic tower. Under the shadow of this rich piece of architecture, which is situated in charming grounds, stands the residence of the Head Master and school-house for the boarders of the celebrated Richmond Grammar School.

### GRAMMAR SCHOOL

THE Grammar School, or Tate Memorial, is situated near the parish church and railway station. The old School, which stood in the churchyard, was founded and endowed by the Burgesses, and incorporated by Queen Elizabeth in the ninth year of her reign. In 1796, the Rev. James Tate (afterwards Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral) was presented to the School, and continued to conduct the same for thirty-seven years. Many eminent men were educated during the Canon's time, amongst whom were Dr. Chapman, Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge; Fletcher Norton, Chief Justice in 1769, created a Peer in 1782, by the title of Lord Granley; Conyers Middleton, author of the "Life of Cicero," &c.; and Mr. Allan, M.A., founder of two Scholarships at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The honours gained by Canon Tate's pupils were numerous. There are a number of Exhibitions to the Universities, and Senior and Junior House Scholarships, &c., connected with this School.

### WILLANCE LEAP

THE name of Robert Willance is connected with a marvellous story. In 1606, while he was hunting near his own estate between Clints and Richmond, on the northern bank of the Swale, the hunting party were surprised by a fog. The young and fractious horse which Willance was riding ran away with him, and, to his horror, made for the precipitous road called Whitcliffe Scar, which looks down upon the Swale. As soon as the horse left the level platform above, three bounds, each covering 24 feet, brought it to the verge of the cliff, down which it sprang. About 100 feet from the top of the Scar there is a projecting mass of rock and earth, upon which the horse alighted, only to throw itself upon the ground below, some hundred feet further down. It was killed by the fall, and Willance's leg was broken. With wonderful presence of mind he disentangled himself from his dead horse, and, drawing a clasp-knife, he slit open the belly of the animal, and laid within it his fractured leg to protect it from the cold till help arrived. This precaution saved his life, but his leg had to be amputated. As a memorial of his wonderful escape, he marked with an upright stone each of the three bounds which his steed took before it sprang over the cliff. On two of them he put the following inscription:—"1606: Glory to our merciful God, who miraculously preserved me from the danger so great." Willance was an Alderman of Richmond.

### TRINITY CHURCH

IT is not improbable that this was a Pagan Church. As early as 1260 this church was rebuilt in Gothic style, unadorned, suited to the rank of a chapel. The south aisle has long been demolished, and in the year 1470 several houses were built on its site. There is a Curfew, or Couvrefeu Bell in the tower which rings at six in the morning and eight o'clock in the evening, and there is little doubt that this bell was placed there by order of the Conqueror. Under the north gallery of this church are three lock-up shops, a shop between the church and the steeple, and another at the base of the tower, above which the Town Crier has his dwelling, and he (occasionally his wife) rings the six o'clock bell from his bell—the bell being immediately above. The church was last restored in 1864.

THOMAS SPENCER

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

IF eccentricity and unintelligibility are the measure of wisdom, then the author of "Sand Key (The Key to All)" (Simpkin, Marshall) should be a very wise person indeed. The second title of this unique volume—it surely has no fellow except "The Hunting of the Snark"—is "A full and succinct description by an ancient warder of it, who, during his incumbency, was a solitary resident." We are further informed that the work is "After Epicharmus, who sought to elevate a popular mode of representation into the mandatory respect of everybody." Of the scene of the poem, we learn that the back ground is an unbroken sea horizon from the extreme of side to side. In the middle of this joint line a stationary white dot, seen in day-time by direct reflection of the sun only, discloses "the lonely and querulous position of Sand Key in the Atlantic Ocean, off the acute elbow made by Florida Reef in turning about to enter the Gulf of Mexico. It is the funny bone of that elbow, fearfully ticklish; and is the geographical point in which the Great Republic makes its nearest approach to the South Pole of the earth." The ancient warder finding himself on a *fautuil* of pillows on the deck of a smack, and contemplating the emergence of Sand Key from the ocean, breaks lucidly into his introductory song on "The Figure of True Representation," thus:—

All holding Sesame, wastefully divulgent:  
All-beaming goal key, spark-fangled Mebulgent:  
Showing, Me-beconned, crank of windy ocean,  
Outside disposed, whereby the whole whirled see thee.

After the Ancient Warder has relieved his philosophical emotion in this fashion for some pages the "Figure of True Representation" responds sympathetically in a smart little song, of which we give the first verse:—

O partitive morning laugh! Thy twin flamivorous puff  
Spoon out of this double room of grey  
To let thy smooth upper arch's half  
Boom broadest Art 'mid an archie play.

A contemporary calls this "craggy." It is certainly steep, too steep for those whom Shakespeare dubs "the general." Sometimes the poet is more clear in expression. Here, for example, he seems to have compassion on the puzzled reader:—

Be not sad that we die! Such is Nature's live way,  
Fact in brood of enjoyment to free from decay,  
How can faculty sad be where insight reveres  
Standing time, lifting facts up in Nature's bright sphere!

This, in a note, is thus explained:—"Time is not antecedent to thought, but appears in its arrangement. When there is no thought, or no arrangement of thought, there is no time. It is part of the gear of thought, not an entity in itself. It spreads it. Unspread thought is almost without time." Serious criticism of such a book is almost impossible. It is chaos, and leads nowhere except to "the endstead," whatever that may be. Frankly, we may parody a popular refrain anent "Sand Key":—"We've tried to understand it, but we couldn't, no, we couldn't."

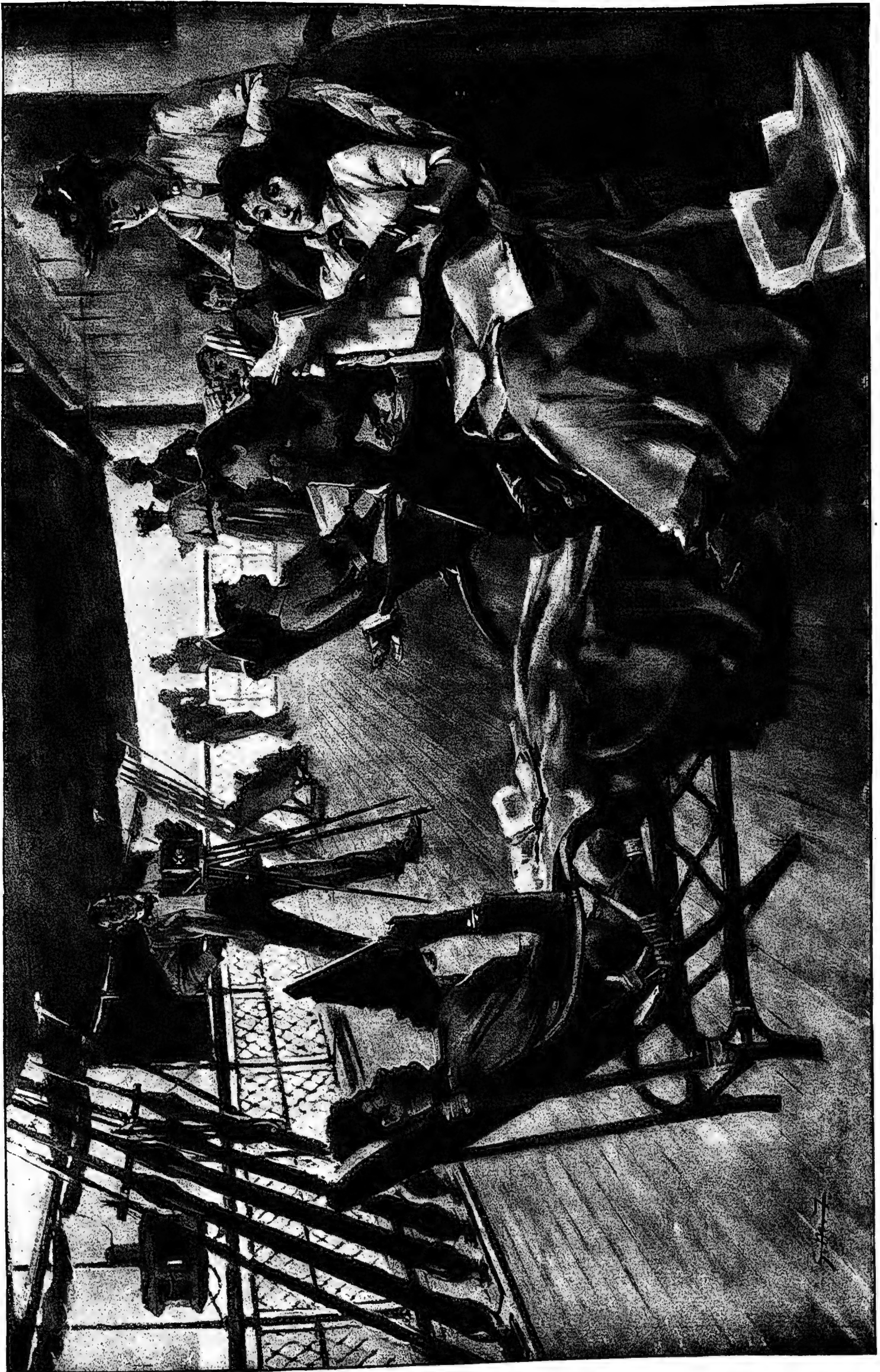
Messrs. Longmans publish "Lyra Consolationis," by Chudia Frances Hernaman. This lady has here gathered together compositions of the poets of the last three centuries, especially dealing with the sadness of death and the brighter side of the shield visible to Christian hope. The selection of the verse, which has been governed by excellent judgment and taste, "is designed," writes Miss Hernaman, "to comfort mourners from the first hours of their bereavement, by leading those over whom the sky is darkening to the cross and grave of our Great Forerunner, that so they may look onward to His glorious victory over death, and to that final restitution of all things which involves eternal reunion with our beloved in Him." Miss Hernaman has inserted in this anthology a few French and German pieces in the original. Among them is "Wohlauf, Wohlan," a touching hymn, intended to be sung as the body is borne to its last resting-place. "Lyra Consolationis" should not fail to find its mission in many a sorrow-shadowed home.



MESSRS. J. AND J. HOPKINSON.—A song of more than ordinary merit is "The Golden Gate," one of Adelaide Procter's most touching sacred poems, set to appropriate music by Oliver King, with organ obbligato *ad lib.*; it is published in three keys.—There is much true pathos in "A Vanished Face," written and composed by Clifton Bingham and Ernest Birch; for this song a sure chord may be anticipated if well sung.—A well-known and pleasing poem by Bulwer Lytton, "Moorish Serenade," has been set to music with much taste by A. D. Duviol; this charming song has already won public favour.—Melodious and void of difficulty is "A Song of the Swallow," words by Jetty Vogel, music by Cécile Harter; it will be a great favourite in the schoolroom and the home circle.—"Three Eighteenth Century Studies," by Arthur Somervell, are arranged for the pianoforte alone and for the violin and piano; in both forms they will be acceptable to teachers and students on account of their originality and simplicity.—Book III. of "The Grosvenor Album" contains six new dances for the pianoforte: "Cancanello Dance" (Charles Vincent), three very danceable sets of waltzes, "The To-Whoo" (Paxton Moore), "Navele" (Willoughby), and "Sundial" (Sydney Cook), and two polkas, "My Pretty Maid" (Mellor), and "Kangaroo" (Carl Hause). This little album will be useful at carpet dances this autumn.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Part 88, Vol. XI., of "The Organist's Quarterly Journal," is well up to its usual standard of excellence. It opens with a showy and brilliant "Fantasia" by Ernest E. P. Truman, well adapted for a secular concert. The same may be said of a "Concert Fantasia on Scotch Airs," by the Editor, who shows himself to be equally at home with light as with grave compositions. "Andante," by Edward Lake, is well worthy the attention of organists who are in search of something good, but not superfluous. Of the same useful type as the above are, "Short Introductory Voluntary" by John Tait, and a showy "Festival March" in A major, by W. H. Maxfield, Mus. Doc. Tor., F.C.O. The contents of this number are of a more than usually light and secular character.





AN AUTUMN TRIP IN THE MEDITERRANEAN ON BOARD A P. AND O. BOAT.—THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER AT WORK





THE INDIAN SONG OF SUMMER that the season has been singing was broken by the fog-signals of winter on Monday, when the street-lamps of London were kept alight all day, although a few miles distant the country fields were illumined by brilliant sunshine. This reminder that the middle of October is reached this week should stimulate growers of potatoes to get them lifted and stored whilst yet the weather favours the operations. In many other directions our rural friends should be diligent in field and garden work suitable to the date of the year. Our witnesses of summer, the martins and swallows, are now hard to retain, very few staying after the misty and cold nights of the past week.—French patience and bird-teaching have had their reward in pressing swallows into the carrying of news; and the bird-master in this new field is hopeful of training swallows into the service of man, as is done with carrier pigeons.

ONE OF THE CHIEF FAVOURS of the last month's beautiful weather must be acknowledged in the reparation done to the potato crop. To such extent has this been the case that potatoes in Ireland are being offered at 50s. per ton, according to reports from shippers in Cork. Happily, the exaggerated fears of famine are being dissipated by the favour of Nature, that Mother-of-Harvests who, reproaching herself for her summer niggardliness, has lavished favour on golden autumn.

THE SECRETARY OF THE CENTRAL CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE reminds members that on Nov. 4 next the business of the meeting in the Large Room of the Society of Arts will include receiving reports of the Cattle Disease, Railway Rates, Boundary Fences, and other Committees; also to discuss:—(a). The desirability of labelling all foreign meat as such when sold in English markets. (b). The question of boundary fences. (c). The need of cheapening legislation for the transfer of land. (d). The working of the Agricultural Holdings Act.

IN NOVEMBER, AT IPSWICH, it is proposed to have an examination to test the theoretical knowledge of candidates for the diploma and certificates of the Eastern Counties Dairy Institute. At the same time practical skill in butter and cheesemaking will be judged, so that theory and practice will both be on trial.

SOUTH HAMS, WHAT ARE THEY?—The breed of South Devon cattle as distinct from the renowned North Devon stock. The South Hams are to have a Herd Book for their Worthies, which will be timely introduced after the success of Mr. Vosper, of Plympton, in carrying off the first prize for his farm from the R.A.S.E. He keeps 140 cows of the South Hams breed, many of which yield five to six gallons of milk daily! Such a yield would compare favourably with that from the best breeds, shorthorns, Ayrshires, Jerseys, &c., at the Dairy Show of last week, when the following results were reported:—Total morning and evening milk—1st prize, Shorthorn Cow, 55.2 lbs.; 1st prize, Shorthorn Heifer, 29.2 lbs.; 1st prize, Jersey Cow, 31.9 lbs.; 1st prize, Jersey Heifer, 30.4 lbs.; 1st prize, Guernsey, 49.2 lbs.; Best Dutch Cow, 45 lbs.; Best Ayrshire, 45.7 lbs.; Best Red Polled, 29.1 lbs.; Best Dexter Kerry, 26.6 lbs.

DISTRESSFUL IRELAND is reported as having in the Savings Banks of the Post Office 3,585,000, being an increase of 213,000 over the previous year. The cash, too, in banks is the largest yearly increase since 1852, being 1,856,000 over former total.

ON OCTOBER 1ST it is estimated this country had 2,000,000 qrs. wheat in granary, nearly 9,000,000 in farmers' hands, and 2,600,000 sacks of flour in granaries and mills. Such a supply in hand, when eaten up to the last loaf, would leave us the task of bringing over from abroad 11,000,000 qrs. for actual daily bread, and 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 more as reserves.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MILLERS have a high opinion of themselves; besides knowing their own business, they have an overflow of wisdom which, in advice, they charitably bestow on farmers in the form of a circular recently addressed to them. This circular complains that neither the Government nor the Agricultural Societies act as they should act, but leave undone many things they ought to have done; that seed merchants supply seed wheat of fine appearance but of indifferent quality; and that farmers sell their own best wheat and reserve their poorest corn for seed. In conclusion, the Association urges millers to give farmers their best advice as to the most suitable kinds of wheat to sow. What kindness!—from the millers, who, as "sweaters" of the farmers, would have them grow as much wheat as possible (which they get cheap), whether its cultivation pays or does not pay the farmer. All wheat is grist to the miller, and home and foreign are alike welcome. A few years ago the miller callously ignored the farmer, and saw him going down hill. But now that abroad foreign wheat is made into flour, and comes here in competition enough to close up several British mills, even the Liberal and Radical millers call out against an imported manufactured article—"flour"—(by which they get their living), but would invite—on principle—the import of wheat as a "raw" material (which is only a means of living to the farmers).

CO-INCIDENTLY the farmers are told in the new *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* that foreign wheat sells at 2s. to 3s. per quarter over English wheat samples! inferring that climate and cultivation are both on the side of the big battalions of foreign lands. However, as naturalists have in times past given schedules of climates under which the best wheat is grown, in which list the temperature and soil of parts of England are acknowledged to be very favourable to wheat-production, paralleling Dantzic and other best districts, one may rest secure on the goodness of quality in English wheat. Moreover, the comparisons made in the *Royal Journal* are not of like with like, but of selected foreign samples graded to suit our markets, with the good and secondary deliveries of farmers' wheat in England. In shipping wheat from abroad sellers are unwilling to pay freight-charges on inferior grain, dirty and unscreened, and so commonly forward the best samples, compared with which best English samples may challenge the growth of any country. This week in Mark Lane finest American wheat may be quoted 38s. to 41s. per qr., finest Australian 37s. 6d. to 39s. per qr., but the finest English wheat—say from the warm Surrey lands round Godalming—would as "Chidham White" probably bear the bell in price. The "declared value" of foreign wheat imported cannot be taken as its real value, now that it comes free of duty. In most cases importers would give their security the benefit of the market-doubt, and enhance its price.

AT THE RECENT AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS IN VIENNA the practice of making ensilage was welcomed as of real service to the farmer, and application has since been made for the Blue Books of the English Ensilage Commission, and such other private works published on the subject in this country.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA will be proclaimed at Perth at the end of this month. The Parliamentary elections follow immediately afterwards, and an animated contest is already afoot among the candidates.

## THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME

ON Tuesday the Lord Mayor of London, who was accompanied by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, opened the new Municipal Buildings, erected at a cost approaching 20,000, at Newcastle-under-Lyme. The Borough owns the distinction of being the third oldest in England, the Charter dating from the reign of Henry II., 1175; and the new buildings occupy an historical site in the vicinity of the birth-place of Major-General Thomas Harri-son, to whom was committed the custody of Charles I. during the period immediately preceding his fatal trial. Adopting a free treatment of the Renaissance, the architects have succeeded in obtaining a very fine effect, the *façade* to the Ironmarket presenting an appearance at once rich and chaste. On the ground-floor are an elegant Council Chamber, a spacious Free Library comprising an elegant Council Chamber, a spacious Free Library and Reading-Room, and a suite of rooms to be used as a School of Science and Art; while the upper floor is wholly set apart as a Municipal Hall, with the requisite appurtenances. Access is



MR. RICHARD BARTLETT MELLARD, J.P.  
Mayor of Newcastle-under-Lyme

obtained to the Assembly Room, which is designed to seat over one thousand persons, by a double flight of staircases, through a handsome vestibule. The plans were prepared by Messrs. Sugden and Son (Leek), W. Sugden (Keighley), John Blood, and Chapman and Snape (Newcastle-under-Lyme); and the buildings were erected by Mr. John Gallimore, Newcastle-under-Lyme. Of the total cost, nearly 4,000, was raised voluntarily, with the object of commemorating in a permanent form the Jubilee of Her Majesty. A fourth of this sum was given by Mr. Harry Coghill, J.P., and the Corporation were presented with a clock and bell for the tower by Mr. Edward Turner. In connection with the opening of the buildings a general holiday was proclaimed, and the principal thoroughfares of the town were profusely decorated. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs arrived in Newcastle on Monday afternoon, and were officially received by



NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS  
Opened by the Lord Mayor

the Mayor (Alderman Richard Bartlett Mellard, J.P.), magistrates, and Corporation. An imposing civic procession preceded the opening ceremony, which Sir Henry Isaacs performed with a gold key. His Lordship was presented with a tastefully-illuminated address on behalf of the Corporation by the Mayor, and the distinguished visitors subsequently attended a public luncheon, the Lord Mayor submitting the toast of "Success to the Municipal Buildings and Free Library." The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs left for Manchester in the evening. During his visit his Lordship was the guest of the Mayor, at The Beeches, and the Sheriffs were entertained by Mr. W. Woodall, M.P., and Mr. H. Dutton, magistrates' clerk. The festivities in connection with the proceedings concluded on Thursday, when the Mayor entertained a large company to a conversazione and ball in the new buildings, which, together with the principal thoroughfares of the town, were brilliantly illuminated.—The engraving of the Town Hall is from a photograph by J. Milon, Newcastle-under-Lyme; the portrait of the Mayor is from a photograph by Harrison and Sons, Newcastle-under-Lyme.

GERMAN EAST AFRICA, as now definitely constituted, is nearly twice the size of the German Empire in Europe.



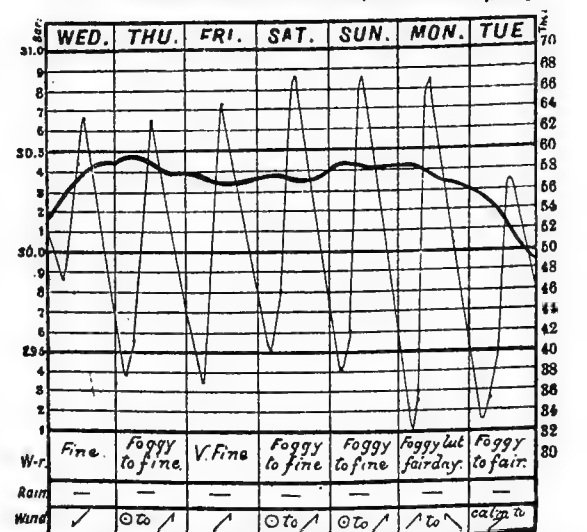
THE Queen will remain in the Highlands for nearly five weeks longer, leaving for Windsor about November 20th. The Royal party at Balmoral have been amusing themselves with *tableaux vivants*, in which Prince and Princess Henry, the Duchess of Albany, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale took part. These *tableaux* were so successful that the performance was given twice, Her Majesty inviting numerous guests on each occasion. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale has spent some days with the Queen, while the Duke and Duchess of Fife lunched with Her Majesty on Saturday. In the evening, Viscount Cross and the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees joined the Royal party at dinner, and on Sunday morning Dr. Lees officiated at Divine Service before the Queen and Royal Family. The Duchess of Albany lunched with Her Majesty, who, in the afternoon, called upon Lady Biddulph. On Monday, the Queen drove through Braemar to Gleneye and the Linn of Dee, while the Earl of Jersey arrived to take leave of Her Majesty on assuming the Governorship of New South Wales, and with the Countess, joined the Royal dinner party. The Queen holds a Council next Tuesday to prorogue Parliament further to November 25th.

The Prince of Wales has enjoyed capital sport whilst staying with Baron Hirsch at St. Johann, Moravia. After spending some hours writing in the morning, he has been out shooting daily, and on Saturday alone the total bag of the sportsmen reached nearly 3,000 head of game. During dinner on each evening a Hungarian gipsy-band played native music, and afterwards the Prince and his fellow-guests assembled in the great hall, lighted by electricity, to witness various entertainments. On Sunday the Prince drove to Stampfen to see Countess Alois Karolyi, widow of the late Austrian Ambassador to England. After a few days' big-game shooting the Prince goes to Malaczka, near Pressburg, in Hungary, to visit Count Palfy. He returns home at the end of the month, and will accompany the Princess to stay with Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees, the Prince and Princess visiting Seaham Harbour on November 1st. The Prince will spend his birthday at Sandringham, and will entertain visitors for a fortnight, going afterwards to Berlin for the wedding of his niece, Princess Victoria of Prussia, now fixed definitely for November 20th. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria came to town from Scotland at the end of last week, and on being joined by Princess Maud from Exeter, stayed a few days at Marlborough House before going to Sandringham. On Monday night the Princess and Princess Maud were at the Lyceum Theatre. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale also has left Scotland to rejoin his regiment at York, and was expected at Scarborough yesterday (Friday) for the banquet to the officers of the Channel Squadron.—Prince George played in a polo contest at Halifax on Monday, and dined with the Lieutenant-Governor.—The Duke and Duchess of Fife left Mar Lodge for the South on Monday. Though much better for the bracing Highland air, the Duchess continues delicate, and will spend most of the winter on the Riviera.

The Duke of Edinburgh is busy visiting the various Government departments and public institutions at Devonport. On Saturday he inspected the Sailors' Rest, under Miss Weston's direction, and paid an official visit to the Norwegian corvette *Freja*, lying in the Sound. He has also been to see Lord and Lady St. Germans at Port Eliot. The Duke on Monday escorted the officers of the *Freja* round the Dockyard, going to the Plymouth Theatre in the evening, and on Tuesday he accompanied the Duke of Cambridge in his annual inspection of the local troops and fortifications. The Duchess goes to Berlin from Coburg this week to attend the consecration of the late Emperor Frederick's Mausoleum. Prince and Princess Christian will also be present from Wiesbaden, together with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have made a brief trip to Dresden. The Duke of Connaught enters on his duties at Portsmouth on January 1st next.—The Empress of Austria is visiting the Riviera on her way to Genoa and Corfu.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1890







### NORWICH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL (From Our Special Correspondent).

The Twenty-third Triennial Festival commenced at Norwich on Tuesday evening, and continued throughout the week until Friday night. Two days last week had been spent in exhaustive orchestral rehearsals at the Royal Academy of Music, and the whole of Monday and the greater part of Tuesday were likewise devoted to the work of preparation. The Norwich Festivals, although they only became Triennial in the year 1824, are of much older date. Festivals were held in the East Anglian city as far back as 1770, they then consisting of two or three performances of oratorios in the church of St. Peter's Mancroft, and some secular concerts in the theatre. Sir George Smart was conductor of the first Triennial Festival of 1824, but he was afterwards succeeded by Professor Taylor, the friend of Spohr. Taylor, in 1842, was followed by Sir Julius Benedict, who, after 1878, was in his turn replaced by Mr. Randegger, who still holds the post. Of late years the chorus, which was never a particularly strong point at Norwich, has been considerably improved, although it still leaves a good deal to be desired when compared with the choirs of Leeds, Birmingham, and other great Festival cities. The chorus this year numbers upwards of 250 singers, mostly local amateurs, reinforced by some Cathedral vicars choral. There is also a small though fully adequate band of about seventy performers, led by Mr. Betjemann, who this year has replaced Mr. Carrodus, that gentleman not having sufficient leisure to attend rehearsals.

The Festival commenced on Tuesday evening with Handel's *Giudas Macabæus*, in which Madame Nordica and Miss Liza Lehmann, both of whom were in excellent voice, were the sopranos. Madame Marian M'Kenzie was the contralto, Mr. Lloyd the tenor, and Mr. Alec Marsh the bass. Amongst the successes of the evening were Madame Nordica's delivery of "From Mighty Kings," and Mr. Lloyd's splendid rendering of "Sound an Alarm." The chorus had been accorded a special rehearsal, with orchestra, and save that the tenors were rather weak, they proved themselves far superior to the choir engaged in 1887. Mr. Randegger, of course, conducted.

Further details as to the Festival performances must necessarily be reserved until next week. It may, however, now be said that Wednesday morning's programme included the symphony to the Second Part of Spohr's "Last Judgment" and Schutz's "Lamentatio Davidi" for bass soloist (Mr. Novara), accompanied by organ and four trombones. We gave a description of this work when it was performed last spring at the Crystal Palace. The principal novelty of the Festival, Dr. Hubert Parry's *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were announced to close the programme. As to *L'Allegro*, although fuller criticism is now of course impracticable, it may be said that Dr. Parry's setting of Milton's lines differs in almost every detail from the well-known cantata written by Handel to an adaptation of the poem by Charles Jennens. Dr. Parry, while duly maintaining the balance between solo and chorus, keeps the two parts of the poem entirely distinct. In *L'Allegro* the solos are given entirely to the soprano (Miss McIntyre), and here Dr. Parry has happily proved undeserving of the reproach which has for some time past been cast upon English composers, that they are unable to write an effective solo for the soprano voice. The setting of "Haste, thee, nymph," and of "Sometime walking not unseen" will, we believe, henceforward be favourite soprano concert pieces. In orchestral accompaniments to both solos and chorus Dr. Parry has indulged in many a little realistic touch, and particularly as to the "Cock with lively din," the "Curfew," the "Hounds and Horn," the "Bellman's drowsy charm," and similar expressions. In *Il Penseroso* the solos are confined exclusively to the bass voice. It is, however, in the choruses that Dr. Parry has been most successful, and, as in his *St. Cecilia* ode, the music is throughout remarkable for its strength, its interest, and its thoroughly English character.

"*LA CIGALE*."—M. Audran's new comic opera *La Cigale*, successfully produced at the Lyric Theatre last week, has, since its first performance in Paris four years ago, been thoroughly revised, new lyrics by Mr. Burnand and Mr. Gilbert à Beckett having been added to those already written by MM. Chivot and Duru, while a quantity of new music has likewise been supplied from the pens of Mr. Caryl and Miss Lila Clay. As it now stands, the work is a distinct advance upon ordinary *opéra bouffe*, the music being remarkable for its melodiousness and refinement, while the orchestration, although by no means too ambitious, displays the finish of true musicianship. *La Cigale* further has the advantage of a libretto which is at once sensible, interesting, and dramatic. It deals chiefly with the sharp contrast afforded by the characters of two sisters—the one a born housewife, who marries a farmer and settles down in the country, and the other a "cigale," or grasshopper (or, according to the English idiom, a "butterfly"), whose views are ambitious, and who aims to become a *prima donna* at the Opera House at Bruges. Thanks to the interest of a lady-loving Duke she achieves her wish, but when at the height of her success, an intrigue, the details of which would be superfluous, well nigh earns for her the enmity of the Duchess, which would reduce her to beggary. Happily her lover, a young chevalier, comes to the rescue, and, on her retirement from the stage, marries her. This story, set to bright, and for the most part very melodious music, is the excuse for a magnificent spectacle. In the first act there are a wedding dance, and a festival in which the ladies of the Ducal Court take part. In the second there is a capital representation of the Fair at Bruges, with jugglers, mountebanks, performing dogs, a donkey (which ought, but absolutely declined, to perform), and in the last act a splendid representation of a masked ball in the Ducal Palace, the Ladies' Orchestra, under Miss Lila Clay, here playing upon the stage a gavotte which is danced by a party of infant *polichinelles* and adult maskers. Apart from the legend of Margot—whom three young men rescue from a watery grave on condition that she gives them a kiss, whereupon she offers to divide one kiss among the three—the best of the music is in the second act, which includes a highly effective quartet, a soprano song described as a gavotte, though it is not in gavotte rhythm, a duet for the heroine and her cousin, sung by Misses Ullmar and Effie Clements, and in the second *finale* a song for Miss Clements, with a well-written and highly effective unaccompanied chorus. Although Mr. Scovel is by no means happy in the part of the hero, the cast is otherwise a strong one, it including the two ladies mentioned and Mr. Dwyer as vocalists, Messrs. Garden, Mudie, Lionel Brough, and Eric Lewis as comedians, and Miss St. Cyr as principal dancer. The success of *La Cigale* was undoubted.

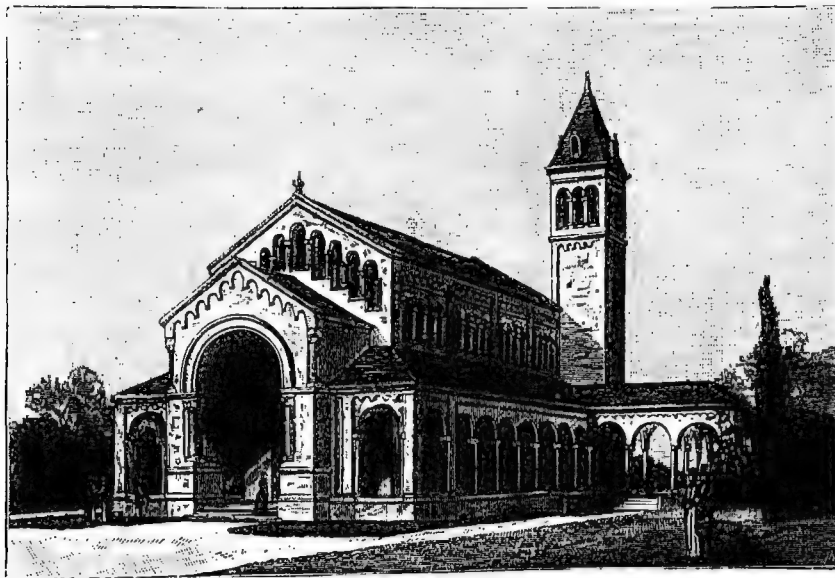
CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The Crystal Palace Concert season opened on Saturday with a capital programme which attracted a

large audience. The general scheme included Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, of which a remarkably fine performance was given by the Crystal Palace band, songs by Schubert, Lassen, and Schumann, sung by Madame Valleria, who was in her best voice, and a new violoncello concerto in A minor, by Herr Hans Sitt, played by Herr Julius Klengel. The concerto, although the composer is by means strict in regard to "form," is a valuable addition to the repertory of violoncello music. A brilliant allegro forms the opening movement, and is joined without break to a delicious andante, which is certainly the most agreeable movement of the work. The *finale* is practically a Tarantella, and its principal features are metamorphoses of subjects which have already appeared in the previous movements. Played as it was by Herr Klengel and conducted by the composer, it achieved an undoubted success.—On Thursday of last week Madame Wood gave her annual evening concert, the lady herself, who is a well-known vocalist, declining an encore for Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," and also singing Smart's "Lady of the Lea." She was supported by various eminent artists.—On Wednesday of this week the new juvenile prodigy, Mr. Isidore Pavia, made his *début*. He was announced to play Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata and various other works, but, inasmuch as the critics were absent at Norwich for the first performance of Dr. Parry's new cantata, another opportunity must be taken of determining his merits.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Royal Italian Opera season will open to-night (Saturday) with *Aida*, with practically a new cast.—Professor Bridge has chosen, for his first series of Gresham musical lectures, an inaugural discourse for the 18th prox.; "Mozart and His Teaching" for the 19th; a technical lecture for the 20th; and for the 21st a lecture upon early English instrumental music, particularly between 1578, the death of Sir Thomas Gresham, and 1695, the death of Henry Purcell.—A new stained-glass window has been erected at Hereford Cathedral in memory of the late organist, Dr. Colborne. It contains a figure of St. Cecilia playing on an organ.—Mr. Frederic Corder has been appointed conductor of the Hackney Choral Association, in succession to Mr. Ebenezer Prout.—A new juvenile pianoforte prodigy, Master Braham Van der Berg, will be introduced by Mr. Vert, at Princes Hall, on the 27th inst.—Dr. Mackenzie will be unable to finish his oratorio, *The Lord of Life*, in time for next year's Birmingham Festival, but will contribute instead a short choral work to Dryden's lines, "Creator Spirit, by whose aid."

### THE PROPOSED CREMATORIUM AT MANCHESTER

SOME time ago a Cremation Society was formed at Manchester, one of the principal objects of which was the establishment of a crematorium in the neighbourhood of that city. A company has now been started in connection with the Society to proceed with the



THE PROPOSED CREMATORIUM AT MANCHESTER

building of the Crematorium. A suitable piece of ground has been purchased on the Chorlton side of the Southern Cemetery, of which the Crematorium will thus form a continuation, and plans have been drawn up by Messrs. Salomons and Steinhil, architects, of Manchester. The proposed Crematorium is modelled upon that at Zurich, said to be the most complete in Europe, and will consist of a hall about 50 feet long by 25 feet wide, containing the furnace. The hall will be flanked on either side by open arched colonnades, raised three feet above the level of the ground, forming a Columbarium, the recesses for the urns (which may, however, be buried in the ordinary manner if preferred) being formed in the exterior of the walls of the hall. An important feature in the composition will be a tower containing and masking the flue from the furnace. The style selected for the building is Romanesque, and it is proposed to build it in sandstone, with red-tiled roof. About 6,000*l.* is required, of which more than 3,000*l.* has already been subscribed. The Secretary is Mr. J. Harvey Simpson, 15, Princess Street, Manchester, who will be pleased to furnish any additional information. We may mention, however, that the Company has not been formed with the hope or expectation of making a profit, but simply to help on the cause of Cremation in this country. Building operations are to be begun this year, and it is hoped that the Crematorium may be ready for use by the end of next autumn. We are indebted for this information to Mr. Henry Simon, the Chairman of the Company.

THE ACTORS IN THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY just ended are certainly not overpaid for their share in the performance. Mayer, the representative of the Saviour, received 50*l.* for the whole season, Caiaphas was paid 40*l.*, and St. Peter and Pilate were awarded 25*l.* apiece. Altogether the Play produced 35,000*l.*—double the sum realised in 1880—but the expenses of the new theatre, costumes, &c., were very heavy, whilst the large number of persons employed rendered the individual profit small.

THE GAME OF POKER is now so popular in this country that a good deal of interest has been taken in a discussion in the *Sportsman* as to whether a "straight," or sequence, is better than "three of a kind." Dogmatic, but entirely contradictory, assertions have been made by various correspondents; but the fact is that there is no definite rule upon the subject. Mathematically, a "straight" is superior to "threes," as being a slightly rarer combination of cards; but, in practice, "threes" are frequently accounted the better. Intending players should always decide before sitting down under which rule they intend to play.



THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL GALLERY has been promised an annual Government grant of 1,000*l.* for five years to buy pictures. Hitherto Scotland has never shared in the Parliamentary Art Grant.

THERE ARE 71,646 DOGS IN PARIS, according to the recent canine census. Of these, 43,739 animals are classed as watch-dogs, and taxed 4*fr.* apiece, while the remaining 27,907 are pets, or "chiens de luxe," for which their owners pay 8*s.* per head.

A FEMININE EXPLORER OF TIBET hopes to enter the forbidden territory where so many masculine travellers have failed. An English lady missionary is now on the Tibetan border studying the language, and watching her opportunity to penetrate into the country.

THE TWO EMPERORS MADE GOOD GAME BAGS during the recent Austro-German shooting party in Styria. Besides quantities of other game, the sportsmen shot thirty-eight chamois, Emperor Francis Joseph and the King of Saxony killing six a piece, while four fell to Emperor William's rifle.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW at Finsbury Park, opened on Saturday, is a very fine display. The recent fine warm weather has brought on the plants unusually early, but they will be better still some days hence. This tenth annual exhibition contains 2,000 plants, the Japanese varieties being especially plentiful.

A LOVELY ARTIFICIAL BLUSH can now be obtained by Transatlantic beauties. On injecting some colouring matter under the skin of the face with a tiny syringe, a perfectly-imitated blush arises, lasting exactly two hours. After that period the owner of the blush must vanish like Cinderella, as her complexion takes a greenish-yellow tinge. Moreover, the syringe leaves a scar.

THE FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ever published has just been unearthed at Boston, its birthplace two centuries ago, so the *Daily Graphic* tells us. It is a small sheet, *Publick Occurrences*, printed on three sides of a folded sheet of wrapping-paper, and it expired after its first number. If prosperous, however, the journal should have appeared once a month, or more frequently if news required; and the publisher remarked that one of his objects was to "do something towards curing, or at least charming, the spirit of lying which prevails amongst us."

LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week. The deaths numbered 1,472 against 1,413 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 59, but 59 below the average, while the death rate reached 174 per 1,000. There were 94 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 11), 38 from diphtheria (an advance of 10), 38 from measles (an increase of 8), 24 from enteric fever and 20 from scarlet fever (both similar to last week). The births registered diminished to 2,409, being a decline of 24, and no fewer than 317 below the ordinary return.

A HANDSOME FREE LIBRARY has been opened in Clerkenwell by the Lord Mayor. A temporary library has existed for two years, and was so well appreciated that the present building was built in Skinner Street, one of the most thickly-populated parts of the parish. A good reading-room and a news-room form part of the library, which contains 9,000 volumes for borrowing and 1,500 books of reference. The Lord Mayor was the first borrower from the new premises, choosing a musical dictionary, and informing the audience that he, too, was writing a book—the memoirs of his Mayoralty.

EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY seems likely to be maintained in New York. Notwithstanding the horrors of Kemmler's execution, the physician charged with the official investigation reports most favourably of the system. Dr. Macdonald declares that this method of inflicting death is infinitely less painful, quicker, and more merciful than hanging. Defects and mistakes were inevitable at the first attempt, but will be remedied in the future. Public opinion does not endorse this verdict, for the United States Supreme Court will now be petitioned to impeach the constitutionality of the Execution Law as cruel and unusual.

M. SARDOU'S "CLEOPATRA," to be produced at the Paris Porte St. Martin to-night (Saturday), excites intense expectation. For weeks past M. Sardou has almost lived in the theatre to superintend the rehearsals. He arrived daily at one o'clock, and stayed till midnight, only allowing himself time to snatch a hasty dinner. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been quite absorbed in her new part, and is delighted that she will not be obliged to assume a dusky complexion and coiffure for the famous Queen, experts having decided, after much research, that Cleopatra was a blonde through her Greek descent. As soon as *Cleopatra* is off his mind, M. Sardou will read another new piece, *Thermidor*—a Republican drama—to the Comédie Française.

AN AMUSING MOCK FUNERAL took place at a Socialist meeting in Paris on Saturday, when the German refugees solemnly buried the Anti-Socialist Law. The proceedings began with a sham Berlin policeman entering the hall, and inviting the public to attend the funeral "by the orders of our dear Emperor William." An open coffin was then brought in containing a little boy, with the cords of the pall held by two old women got up as the *Cologne Gazette* and the *North German Gazette*. A funeral oration followed, during which the two newspaper representatives wailed and wept, and at the closing words, "Now we are going to deposit these dear remains in the *bric-à-brac* shop at Friedrichsruh," everybody shook hands, the coffin was carried thrice round the hall, and made a triumphant exit to the strains of the "Marseillaise," amidst a blaze of Bengal fire.

THE CENTENARY OF LAMARTINE'S BIRTH is to be kept to-day (Saturday) and the three following days at his native city, Mâcon. Grand fêtes will take place, attended by representatives of the French Government, the Académie, and other literary associations. The house where Lamartine was born on October 21st, 1790, is a shabby two-storied building opposite the old Ursuline convent—now a barrack—where his father was confined during the Revolution. Thus Madame de Lamartine could show the little Alphonse from an attic window to her imprisoned husband over the way. The house is as dilapidated as Lamartine's later residence, the Château de Montceau, between Mâcon and Cluny, where the poet's study and his wife's boudoir are still shown—damp, neglected rooms, in a miserable state of neglect. Lamartine's last home at St. Point—a little village close by—is kept up carefully by his niece, Mlle. Valentine de Cessiat; his study and bedroom being just as the poet left them. The study is most plain, with simple mahogany furniture, a cheap green and white paper on the walls, and well-filled bookcases, the only ornaments being a portrait by Madame de Lamartine of their daughter Julie, and a huge wooden crucifix. Another portrait of the child is in the bedroom, with a likeness of Lamartine's father, while Madame de Lamartine had painted the great poets of the world on the china medallions round the fireplace. Lamartine's body lies in the cemetery close by, under a little Gothic chapel, on the very border of his own grounds.





GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT TO "THE CHILDRENS GARDEN"  
FROM THE DRAWING BY ROBERT BARNES, R.W.S.



# EXHIBITIONS.

## ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.

Open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
DRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.

Fireworks every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday,  
by Mr. Joseph Wells, of Wandsworth.

## ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending October 25th—  
First Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.  
First Battalion Royal Warwick Regiment.  
Bands Play Daily from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m.

On Monday next, October 20, from 3 to 5 p.m.  
Grand Acrobatic Concert by the Full Band of Her Majesty's Scots Guards.  
Majesty's Scots Guards.  
1. Overture, "The Unfinished," Weber.  
2. Scherzo, "The Unfinished," Weber.  
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## ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

The following events will take place—  
Grand Association Football Match between the First Battalion Scots Guards and the First Battalion London Regiment.  
Display by the 19th Hussars.  
Display by the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, Woolwich.  
Display by the First Battalion Coldstream Guards.  
Grand Display by the 14th Hussars, Musical Ride, &c.  
Physical and Musical Drill by the Boys of the Lyndhurst Grove Board School, Peckham.

## ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

Last Weeks.  
Will positively Close on Saturday,  
November 1st.

## ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

Omnibuses every five minutes from  
Sloane Square and South Kensington  
Stations.  
Steamboats from all Piers to Victoria  
Pier, opposite the Main Entrance.  
Admission EVERY DAY, 1s.  
This Price Admits to all Entertainments.  
Major G. E. W. MALET,  
Hon. Director.

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"DARBY & JOAN." W. DENDY SADLER.  
"WIDOW'S BIRTHDAY." W. DENDY SADLER.  
"GREAT MARLOW." B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.  
"DOVES." J. W. GREUZE.  
"HOME FROM THE HONEYMOON." S. E. WALKER.  
"PARTISAN." T. E. APPLETON.  
"THE VILLAGE WEDDING." LUKE FILDEN.  
"RICHMOND CASTLE." DAVID LAW.  
Just Published, A New Catalogue of 800 Modern Engravings, Etchings, and Sporting Pictures.  
Price List of Picture Framing, &c., post free.  
The Largest Assortment of Engravings in London in Stock.

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115, STRAND,  
Corner of Savoy Street.

Special Sale of Electro Plate, Cutlery, and Silver  
Plate, &c.—Westbourne Hall, 26, Westbourne  
Grove, W. To Noblemen, Gentlemen,  
Club Proprietors, Silversmiths, and others.

## MR. WILLIAM WHITELEY

Westbourne Grove has been favoured  
with a selection by the well-known firm of  
MAPPIN BROTHERS,  
to sell by AUCTION, at his Room as above  
on THURSDAY and FRIDAY,  
OCTOBER 23 and 24.

A large CONSIGNMENT of their Valuable  
SERIES OF SILVER PLATE,  
ELECTRO PLATE of the finest designs, com-  
prising all dishes, vegetable dishes, salad bowls,  
sauce boats, egg cups, teapots, coffee pots, sugar  
bowls, creamers, napkin rings, cutlery, dressing  
bottles, and a number of other articles in silver and  
electro plate, a great many of which are specially  
suitable for presents.

On view two days prior.—Catalogues as above.  
**FAMILY PORTRAITS.** The  
MONOCHROME COMPANY'S Permanent  
or Faded Photographs are Faithful in Likeness,  
Preserve a Fine Skin, and leave nothing to be desired.  
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Mall Gazette*.  
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New Thematic Catalogue of Songs.  
New Thematic Catalogue of Piano Music.  
New Thematic Catalogue of Dance Music.

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LAWRENCE KELLY'S very popular song  
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sung with immense success by Madame Bell  
Cole. Published in four keys, D, E, F, and  
G, 2s. net.

## SLEEPING TIDE.

LAWRENCE KELLY'S new song (words by F.  
E. WEATHERLY), sung with the greatest suc-  
cess by Madame Fatey. Published in four  
keys, B, C, D, and E (with organ part ad lib.)  
4s. net.

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EDWARD SOLOMON'S very popular song  
(words by H. P. STEPHENS), now being sung  
with very great success by Mr. Ben Davies.  
Published in three keys, D, E, and F, 2s. net.

## CROSSING THE BAR.

ALFRED CELLIER'S new song (words by Al-  
fred Lord TENNYSON), now being sung by  
Mr. Norman Salmond at all his engagements.  
Published in three keys, C, D, and E, 2s. net.

## LE PORTRAIT.

This charming song will be sung by Miss  
Liza Lehmann this season. Published in  
two keys, C and D, 2s. net.

## THEN, HO FOR THE WIND

SO FREE.  
J. M. COWARD'S very successful baritone  
song (words by HENRY ROSE), sung by Mr.  
F. E. WEATHERLY, now being sung by Mr.  
Bevan. Mr. Wilberforce Franklin, &c. A  
ways encored. Published in two keys, C and  
D, 2s. net.

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P. BUGALOSKI'S successful waltz on Lawrence  
Kelly's popular song. Performed everywhere.  
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so much success at the Theatre Royal, Drury  
Lane. "A Million of Money." 2s. net. Beau-  
tifully illustrated.

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where.

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MAY OSTLER. Will rival in popularity this  
successful composer's "Daphne Waltz."  
Beautifully illustrated, 2s. net.

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FEW DAYS.  
BROTHER JONATHAN POLKA.  
STOCKS HAMMOND.  
Will be performed by Mr. Stocks Hammond's cele-  
brated Orchestra this season.  
2s. net. Band parts now ready.

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JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,  
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The prettiest and most taking Waltz of the season.

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Played by all the leading String and Military Bands.  
Played by all the leading String and Military Bands.

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sellers, 2s. net.

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kind."—*Graphic*.  
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ball-room during the coming season. Price 2s. net.

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VENTING, COLD-CURING. By JOHN H.  
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HIGHEST HONOURS  
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS

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Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for  
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ÆGIDIUS.—The only FLANNEL  
SHIRTS that never Shrink in Washing.  
Made in neutral colours, and can be worn without an  
undershirt. Three for 25s. 6d., 31s. 6d., 39s. 6d., or  
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UNDERVESTS, 34 to 48 inches chest; Pants  
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Pants, 25s. 6d. to 88s. 6d.; Half-Hose, 6s. 7s. 6d., 9s.  
the half-dozen. Self-measure and patterns free from  
the Sole Makers.  
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"Comfort." TO INDIA.  
WHAT TO WEAR.  
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Simon's Report (1889) states:—"We reward in  
Professor D'Odardi the indefatigable worker and  
inventor who, unassisted by any one, has done so  
much since many years for his fellow-creatures." &c.  
The Professor's new and startling revelations are  
contained in a Pamphlet which every sufferer, every  
lover of absolute truth in medical matters, ought to  
read. All diseases caused by overwork, anxiety, or  
sorrow are promptly relieved, and may be radically  
cured. Also constitutional morbid tendencies. Send  
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GREAT CLEARANCE SALE  
NOW PROCEEDING.  
SPECIAL SALE, CATALOGUE POST FREE.  
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SPECIAL BARGAINS IN ALL DEPART-  
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This Sale offers exceptional opportunities of fur-  
nishing throughout in good taste at a very moderate  
outlay, as the goods will be found to be of high-class  
style and workmanship, while the prices are below  
those usually charged for much inferior qualities.

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Early visits or orders by post are recommended,  
as the quantities of some of the goods, although large,  
are limited, and none of the items can be supplied at  
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SHILLING CAB FARES from Charing Cross,  
Fulton, King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Waterloo  
Stations, Regent Street, and Piccadilly Circus.

## THE SHIVERING and SUFFER-

ING POOR OF LONDON.  
Food, Coals, and Clothing are urgently needed for  
widows and other poor people. For each sub-  
scribed 15 adults or 20 children can have a substantial  
meal. Bankers, London and County; A. Styleman  
Herring, Vicar (thirty years) St. Paul's, Clerkenwell  
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FOR WOMEN and CHILDREN,  
Marylebone Road, N.W.  
Patron—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,  
K.G.  
President—THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD LEIGH

In order to sustain the Hospital and its Branch in  
their present efficient work, the Committee  
very anxiously and confidently appeal for help to the  
friends of the Hospital, and all who sympathise with  
them in their efforts to relieve the sufferings, and save  
many poor women and children from premature death.  
The Institution is a Free Hospital for the Reception  
and Treatment of Diseases Peculiar to Women,  
and for the Reception of the only Passports.  
Since its foundation no less than 292,050 women  
and children have been treated in the Out-Depart-  
ment, and 9,974 women and 1,110 children have been  
admitted as In-Patients. Large numbers of the  
women were suffering from OVARIAN TUMOUR  
and DROPSY, which, before special attention was  
directed to it in the Samaritan Hospital in 1868, was  
looked upon as a disease always fatal.

Up to the end of 1889, no fewer than 1,377 cases  
were operated upon, with 1,186 recoveries and 191  
deaths, a mortality of 13.87 per cent.  
£6,500 per annum is required to maintain the  
Hospital, of which sum the Annual Subscriptions  
amount to little more than £1,700, and the remainder  
has to be raised by donations, and other uncertain  
sources of income. £10,000 are urgently required for  
the completion of the New Building now in course  
of erection in the Marylebone Road.

G. SCUDAMORE, Secretary.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are

you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering  
with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a  
chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S  
SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor  
sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless; it  
produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child  
from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as  
a button."

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING

SYRUP. It has long been in use in America,  
and is highly recommended by medical men. It is  
very pleasant to take; it soothes the child; it softens  
the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the  
bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery  
and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other  
causes. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing  
Syrup, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York  
and London," is on the outside wrapper. No mother  
should be without it. Sold by all medicine dealers at  
1s. 1d.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR

RENEWER  
Will positively restore, in every case, gray or white  
hair to its original colour without leaving the disa-  
greeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the  
hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the  
growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are  
not decayed.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR

RENEWER.  
This preparation has never been known to fail in  
restoring gray hair to its natural colour and gloss in  
from eight to twelve days.  
It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling  
out, eradicates dandruff, and leaving the scalp in  
a clean, healthy condition.

## THE MEXICAN HAIR

RENEWER  
Is put up with directions in German, French, and  
Spanish. Retail everywhere in the kingdom at 3s. 6d.  
Only one size.—Sold wholesale by the ANGLO-  
AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33,  
Farringdon Road, London.

## FLORILINE—For the TEETH

AND BREATH.  
Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world. It thor-  
oughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all  
parasites or living animalcules, leaving them pearly  
white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath.  
The FRAGRANT FLORILINE removes instantly all  
odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco  
smoke.  
For children or adults whose teeth show marks of  
decay its advantages are paramount. The FLORI-  
LINE should be thoroughly brushed into all the  
cavities; no one need fear using it too often or too  
much at a time.

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH  
and BREATH.—Is





**THE PRIMATE** will to-day (Saturday) consecrate in Canterbury Cathedral the Bishop of Dover elect.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, it is authoritatively announced, will succeed the Bishop of Winchester when the latter, at the close of the present year, retires from his See.

AS A RESULT OF THE RECENT SUICIDE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, the Bishop of London held it on Monday, at the close of the ordinary afternoon service, what is described as a "Service of Reconciliation, or Act of Reparation to Almighty God for the Dishonour done to His Sanctuary." After a simple service, in the course of which the Bishop briefly addressed the congregation, there was read the "Sentence of Reconciliation," which recited that in response to a petition from the Dean and Chapter he pronounced the sacred edifice exempt "from all canonical impediments, and from every profanation contracted and incurred" by the act of suicide committed within its walls.

AT A PUBLIC MEETING held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday, expressly to consider the evils of gambling, and presided over by the Bishop of Newcastle, the Bishop of Durham said that the spirit of gambling not only occupied a vast region of trade and commerce, but was demoralising popular games. He did not believe that the moral tone of England was lower than it had been, but daily journals and the telegraph gave facilities for gambling, which he knew to be felt as a terrible evil by the working-men of his Diocese, and which, he had been told, was a sin more desolating than drunkenness. Representatives of Nonconformity spoke in the same spirit, and appropriate resolutions were adopted.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Peterborough Cathedral, the restoration of which has been proceeding for years, was re-opened for service on Tuesday, the Bishop of the Diocese preaching an eloquent sermon.—Monday being the Feast of Edward the Confessor, Saint and King, a number of Roman Catholics, with a sprinkling of Anglicans,

made a pilgrimage to his shrine (erected in the reign of Henry III.) in Westminster Abbey, and knelt before it in silent prayer.—A meeting of English residents in Paris, the Earl of Lytton presiding, has been held to promote a testimonial to the Rev. T. Howard Gill, who, after seven years of pastoral and philanthropic work, is leaving the church in the Rue d'Aguesseau for the vicarage of Tunbridge. The testimonial is to consist of a piece of plate and a purse of money. About 1754 was subscribed in the room.—A service and sermon in Gaelic were given on Sunday in the Scotch National Church, Crown Court, where the late Rev. Dr. Cumming ministered for many years. Several Highland M.P.s, among a number of Highlanders in London, were present. The preacher was the Rev. Roderick Mackenzie, a Free Church minister from Ross-shire.—The bi-centenary of the death of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, occurs in January next, and the Society of Friends think, it is said, of commemorating the event in some appropriate way.



MR. TENNYSON D'EYNCOURT, the senior Metropolitan Police Magistrate, has formally taken farewell of the Westminster Police Court, over which he presided for thirteen years, and has thus closed his career of nearly forty years as a Metropolitan Police Magistrate. Representatives of the legal profession, of the Metropolitan police and of the Poor Law officials, bore testimony on the occasion to the kindness, the courtesy, and sympathy which the retiring magistrate had always displayed in the discharge of his duties.

**SOME CURIOUS DISCLOSURES** respecting both the omission of names from, and the insertion of them in, the lists of parliamentary voters were made during the protracted but at last concluded hearing of a case at the Whitechapel Police Court, in which the defendants, Messrs. John Hall, George Hamilton, and Morris Van Thal, were overseers of the parish of Whitechapel. They were charged with conspiring to remove from the list of parliamentary voters for the

Whitechapel Division of the Tower Hamlets the name of Mr. Stanley Mockett, and of inserting in it the names of persons who "they knew" had no qualification at all. Mr. Hall, who, the magistrate said, was the moving spirit at the meetings of the overseers, was the Radical registration agent for the division, while Mockett was the Conservative registration agent, and Hamilton and Van Thal were prominent office-bearers of local Radical associations. If Mockett's name were kept out of the list, not only would the Conservatives lose a vote, but he would be unable to appear as Conservative agent before the Revising Barrister. The magistrate strongly condemned the conduct of Hall in procuring by his influence with his two co-defendants the omission of Mockett's name, and, if the other conditions were satisfied, it would, he said, be his duty to send Hall for trial. But, while censuring Hamilton and Van Thal as having acted very weakly, he did not think that the serious charge of conspiracy was made out, and the summonses against the defendants were accordingly dismissed. The insertion of a number of "bogus" names in the list of voters was so palpable that the Revising Barrister appears to have pronounced the list to be a "fabrication." There were some 1,878 names which had not the slightest claim to be there. Among them was one of a person who had not even existed; another had been dead fourteen months when the lists were brought out; and no fewer than 470 names of aliens who had been struck out in previous years reappeared in the list of 1890.

"MR. PHILIP ARMYTAGE, of Farnley House, Queen's Road, Chelsea," was charged, at Westminster Police-court, under the Highways Act, with obstructing the thoroughfare by conducting mission services in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Close to his dining-room windows the complainant was subjected to the din of concertinas, a cornet, a big drum, and "a sort of Salvation Army style of preaching." Those engaged in the mission work were not, however, Salvationists, but bad imitators, for the real Salvationists had gone away when asked, while these people would not. One of the arguments used for the defence was that preaching in the highways was among the best-established practices known to Christianity. To this the magistrate pertinently replied that at the time people preached in the highways the Act of William IV. was not passed. He fined the defendant 4s., and 12s. 6d. costs, or fourteen days, and, on the fine being paid, refused to state a case, the matter being so clear.

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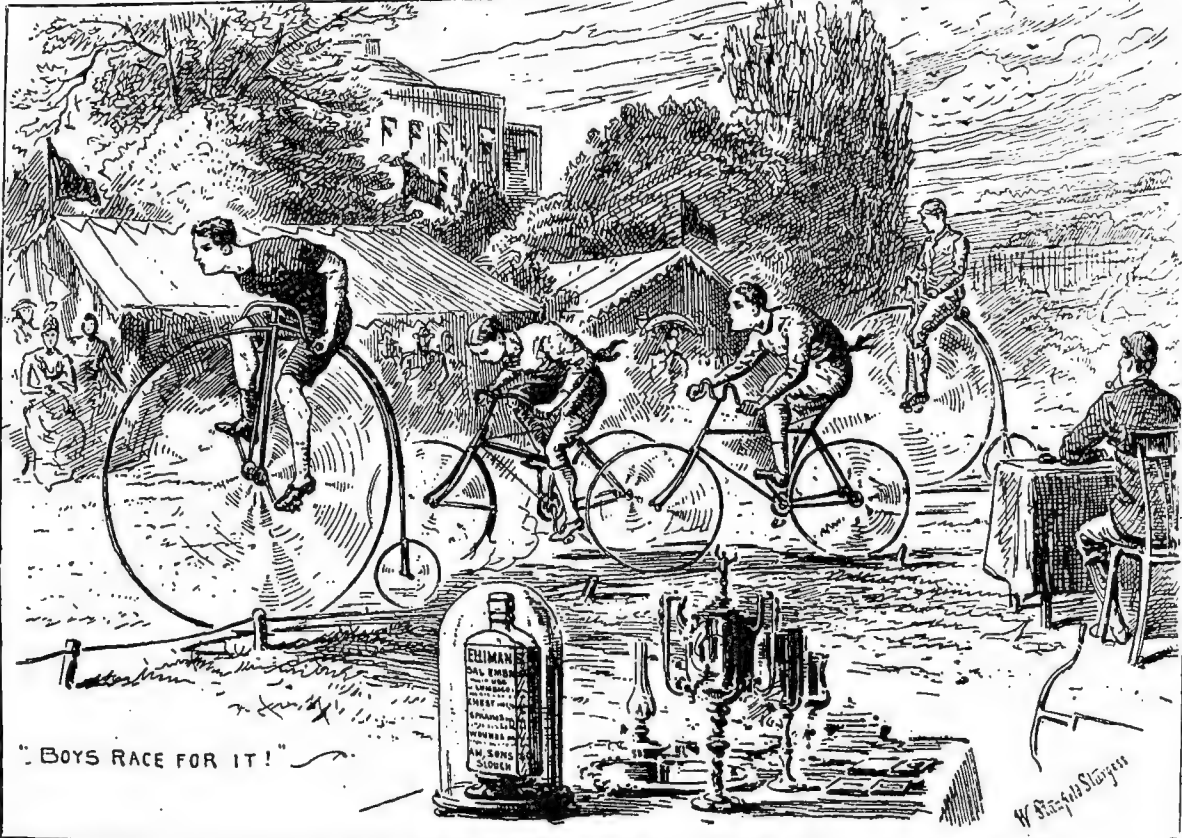
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THE gloomy pessimism which seems to weigh upon all things Russian—at least in the realm of fiction—assumes a rather oppressive form in Mr. Buchanan's new play at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre. For the starting point of *The Sixth Commandment* the author has gone to Dostoevsky's celebrated novel which furnished the theme of the drama entitled *Crime et Châtiment*, brought out at the Odéon Theatre in Paris about two years ago. In deference, however, to the tastes of English audiences, Mr. Buchanan has shrunk from presenting Dostoevsky's hero as the apologist for murder, and has reduced his crime to little more than a case of justifiable homicide. As a consequence, the psychological element has disappeared, and we have nothing but a melodrama which, except the excessive tendency of the dramatist to multiply repulsive incidents and crowd his canvas with odious personages, bears a strong resemblance to the sort of romantic plays to which audiences in the suburban theatres have long been accustomed. Five acts in which tremendous doings are set forth in such prodigal abundance are a little too much for the patience of spectators not broken in to Mr. Buchanan's Titanic methods. The play has now, we understand, been contracted, but on the first night the expressions of impatience and dissatisfaction which were heard during the progress and at the conclusion of the last act were only too easy to be explained. The result is unfortunate for Mrs. Lancaster Wallis, who has commenced her management of the Shaftesbury with great spirit and liberality, and who plays the part of the heroine, Anna, in Mr. Buchanan's piece with a degree of force and concentration which in itself is very impressive. The play is indeed extremely

well acted. Mr. Herbert Waring imparts to the cynical and unscrupulous profligate Prince Zosimoff as much reality perhaps as is profitable in the portrayal of such an incarnation of depravity; Mr. Marius, as the indispensable Russian Minister of Police, contrives to light up the sombre picture with occasional flashes of humour; and Miss Marion Lea and Mr. Herbert, as a couple who conduct a courtship in a playful fashion, lend some aid in the same direction. To Mr. Lewis Waller falls the thankless task of playing the Russian novelist's student hero in his mitigated condition. What consistency and truth it is capable of he may be said to have given to it. Splendidly mounted and thus played, it will not be the fault of actors or management if *The Sixth Commandment* fails to take a permanent hold upon the public favour.

The wandering companies whose head-quarters are in London may now be said to have returned to town. The latest arrivals are Mrs. John Wood and her associates, who have once more taken up their abode at the COURT Theatre in Mr. Pinero's *Cabinet Minister*, their abode at the COURT Theatre in Mr. Pinero's *Cabinet Minister*, and Mr. Charles Wyndham, who, after a week of triumph in Manchester, has presented himself again to CRITERION audiences in company with Mrs. Bernard Beere and Miss Mary Moore in *Still Waters Run Deep*. A special welcome was reserved for Mrs. Bernard Beere, this being her first appearance on the London stage after an illness so grave that for some time recovery appeared to be doubtful.

Dr. Mackenzie will compose the incidental music for Mr. Buchanan's drama, founded on Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*. It will consist of an overture, three *entr'actes*, and two songs. The piece will be brought out in Edinburgh next year.

It is said that the scene of Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's play, *Beau Austin*, with which Mr. Beerbohm Tree proposes to commence his special Monday performances, will be laid in Tunbridge Wells. The period is 1820. Is the "Beau" our friend Brummell, who, by the way, has recently made a very successful appearance on the New York stage? Whoever he may be, Mr. Tree is to play the part. Some one has irreverently referred to the time as "The Tom and Jerry period," and asked whether the old-fashioned costumes can please; but why should they not?

The Compton Company, which has a well-earned reputation for its highly-finished performances of standard old English comedies, will suspend its provincial tours next year for a season in London. If they were going to play these classical works, Londoners would enjoy an opportunity of seeing what permanency and the habit of playing together can do in the way of that *ensemble* which is so valuable, and so apt to be wanting on the London stage. It is, however, we believe, Mr. Compton's intention to devote his London performances to new and hitherto unacted plays.

In the revival of *Called Back*, which is in preparation at the Hay-Market, Mr. Beerbohm Tree will repeat his original impersonation of Mascari, while Mr. Fernandez will play his original part, Dr. Ceneri. Miss Julia Neilson, Mr. F. Terry, and Mr. Kerr will also take part in the performance.

The version of M. Daudet's painful and purposeless *Lutte pour la Vie* at the AVENUE Theatre, appears to have been unsuited to the tastes of Mr. Alexander's patrons. A new play, written by Mr. Carton, and entitled *Sunlight and Shadow*, is understood to be in preparation. Miss Marion Terry, Miss Maude Millett, and Mr. Alexander will play the leading parts.

A *matinée* is to be given at the LYRIC Theatre on the 29th inst., on behalf of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. *Moths* will be played on this occasion. Miss Grahame will also give a morning performance with the same object at the OPÉRA COMIQUE on the 23rd inst., when *The Judge* and *Barbara* will be given.

Mr. Mayer is busily preparing for his season of French plays, which will commence at the ST. JAMES'S towards the end of this month. Madame Chaumont will revisit us to take part in these performances, together with Mdlle. Brandès. Among the early productions will be *Divorçons* and *La Doctoresse*.

The melodramatic opera of *The Black Rover* at the GLOBE Theatre is reported to be prospering. The intelligent macaw is also stated to be bearing his share in the performance with all his original gravity and intelligence. As a consequence of the prospects of the opera, Mr. George Paget is arranging for an extension of his tenancy of this house into the new year.



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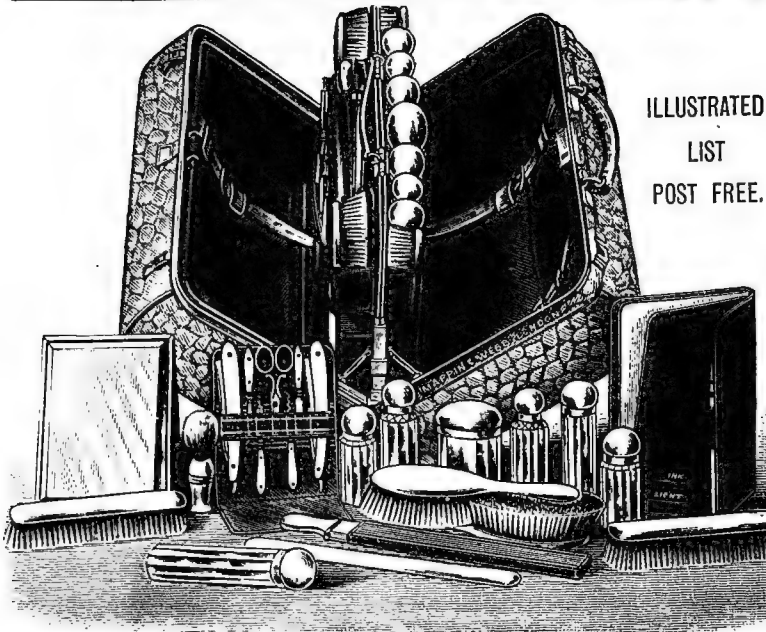
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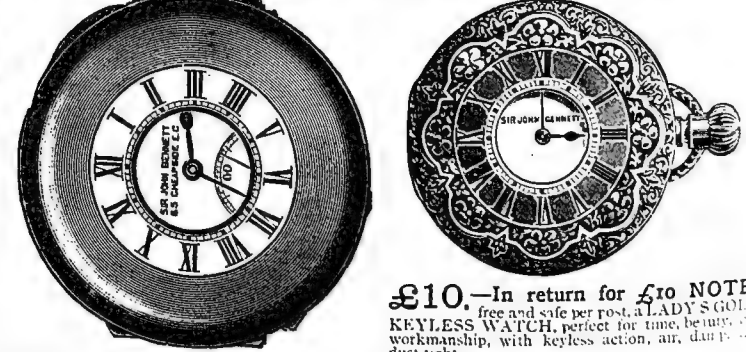
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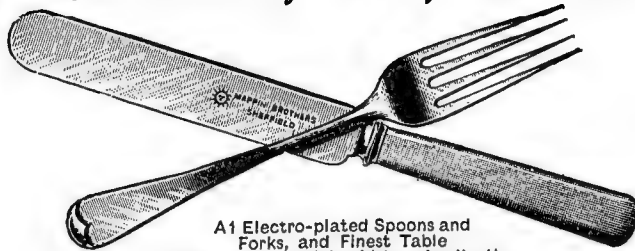
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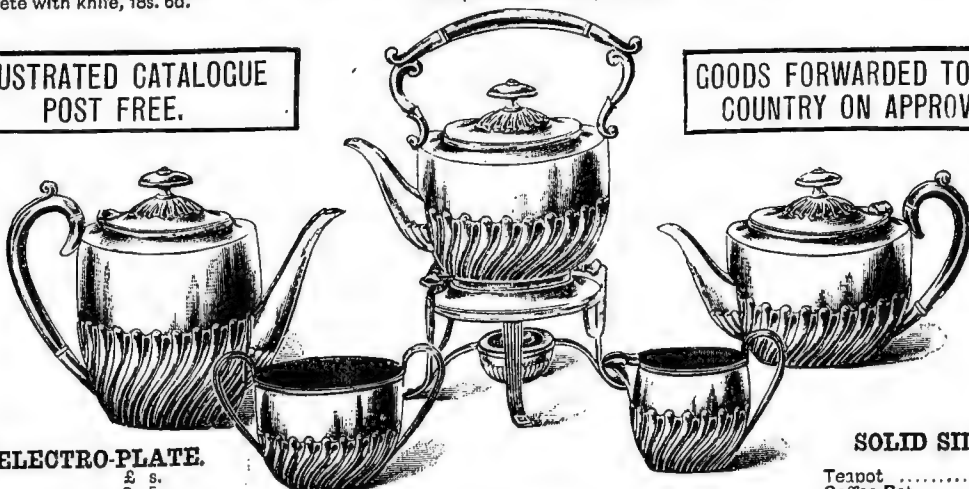
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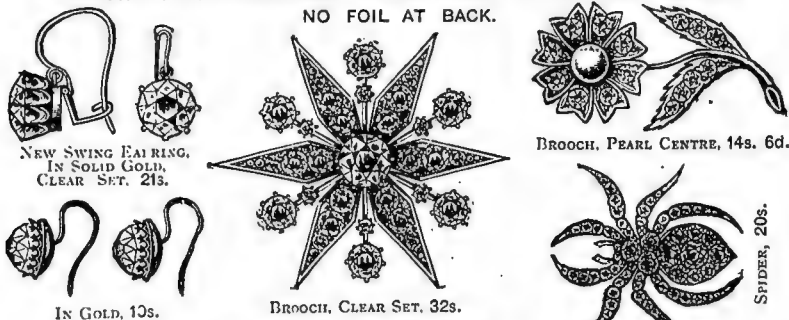
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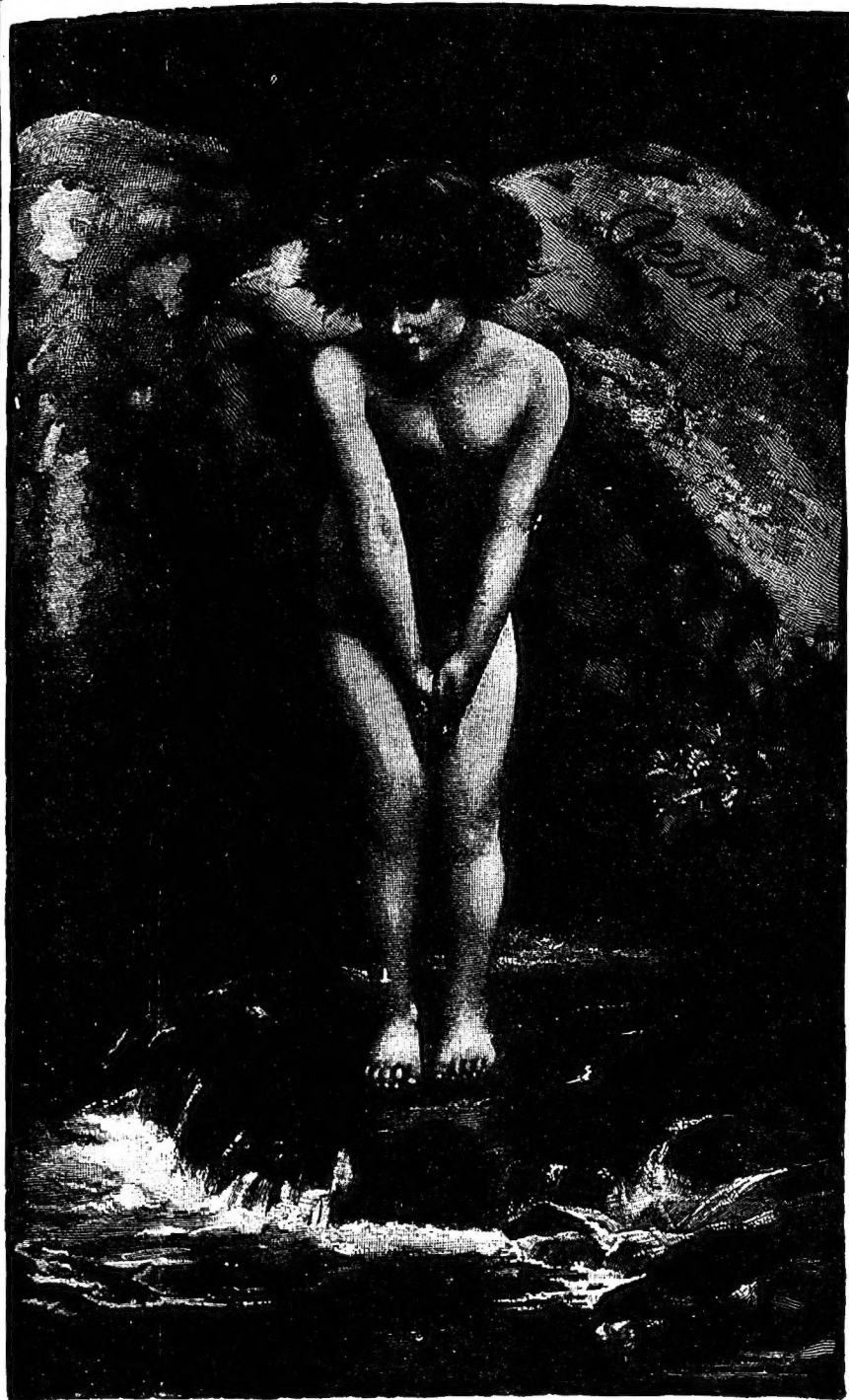
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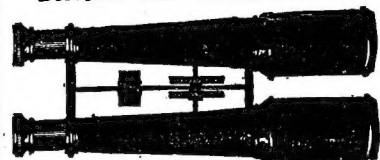
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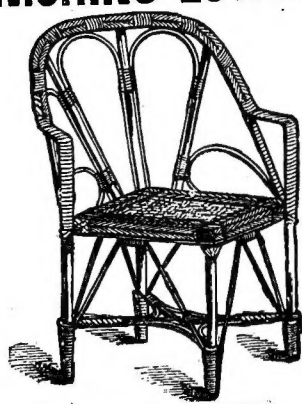
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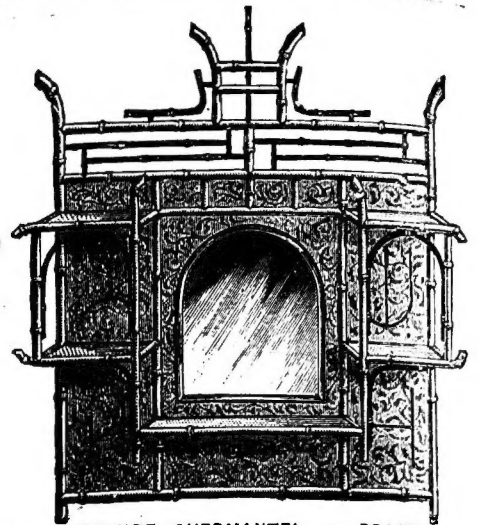


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MINIATURE OVERMANTEL, or BRACKET,  
In Bamboo, with Japanese leather-paper panels, five  
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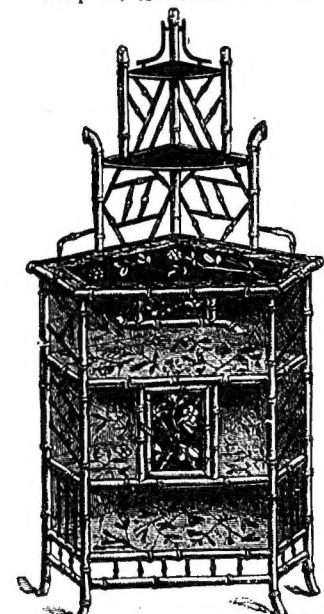
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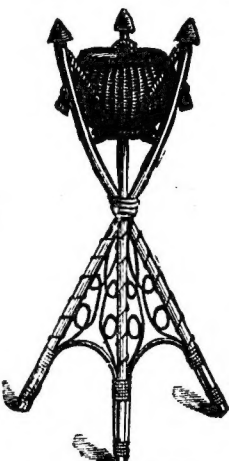
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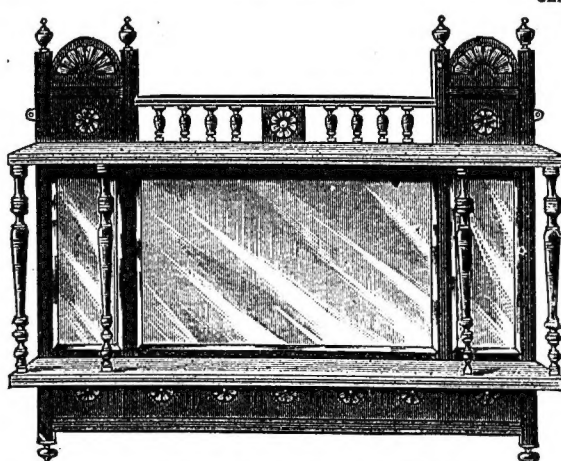
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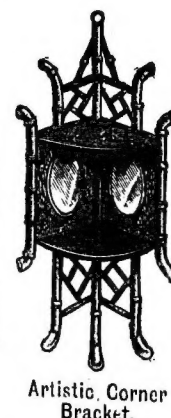
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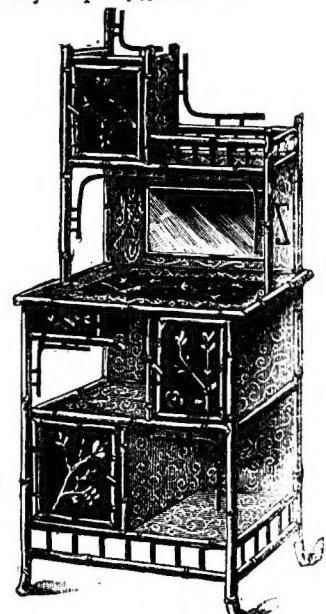
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leather-paper panels;  
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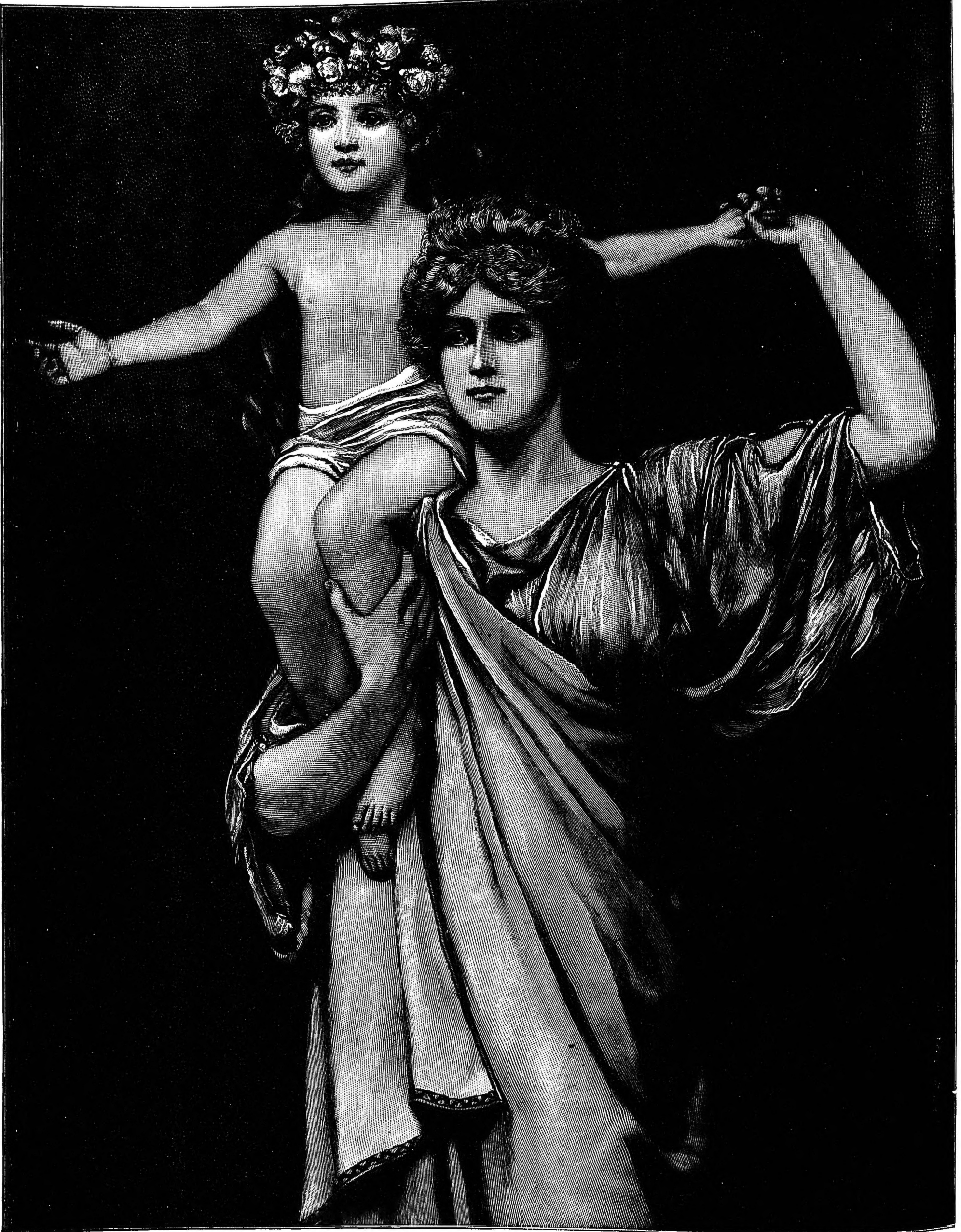
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THE GRAPHIC, OCTOBER 18, 1890





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